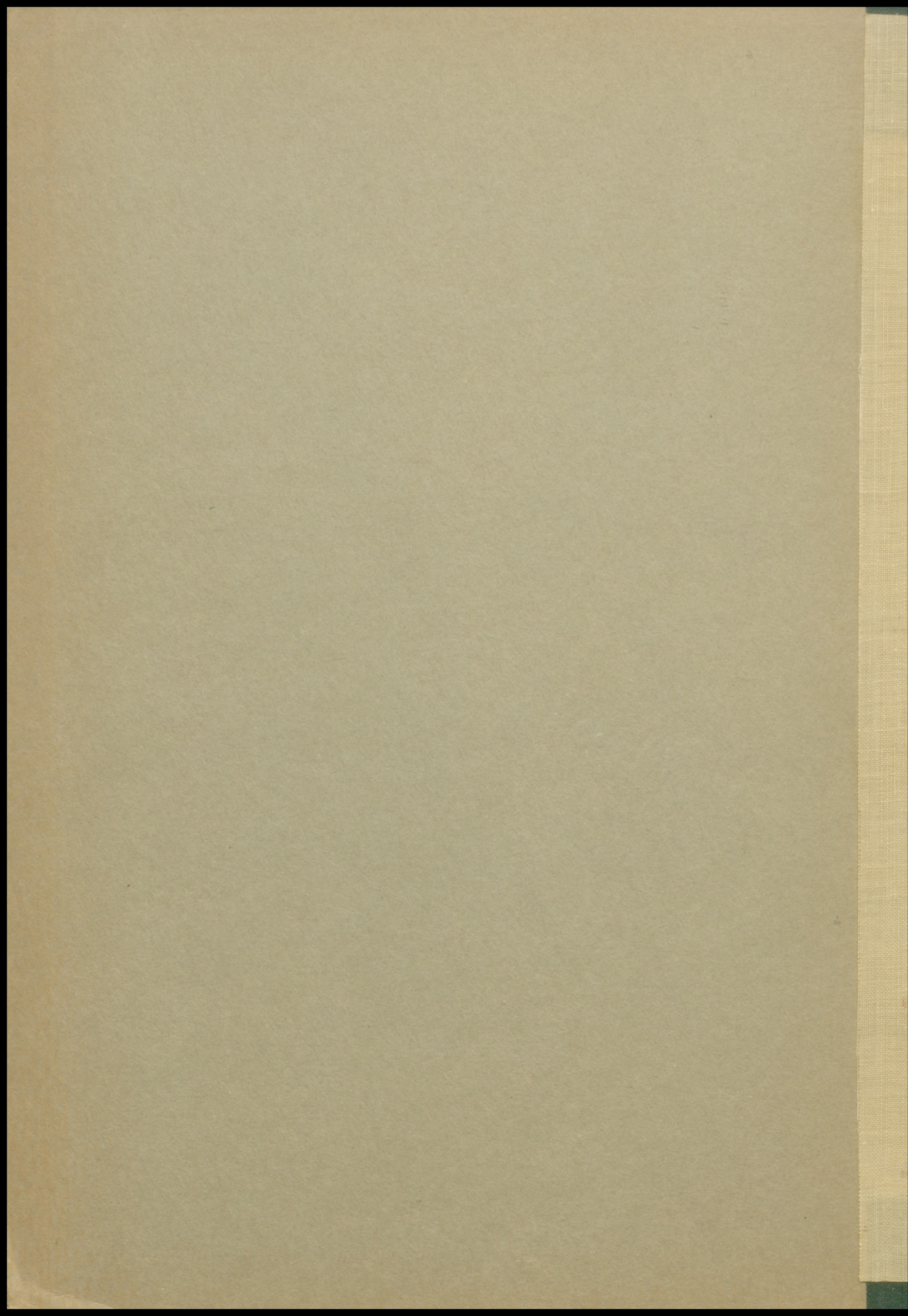
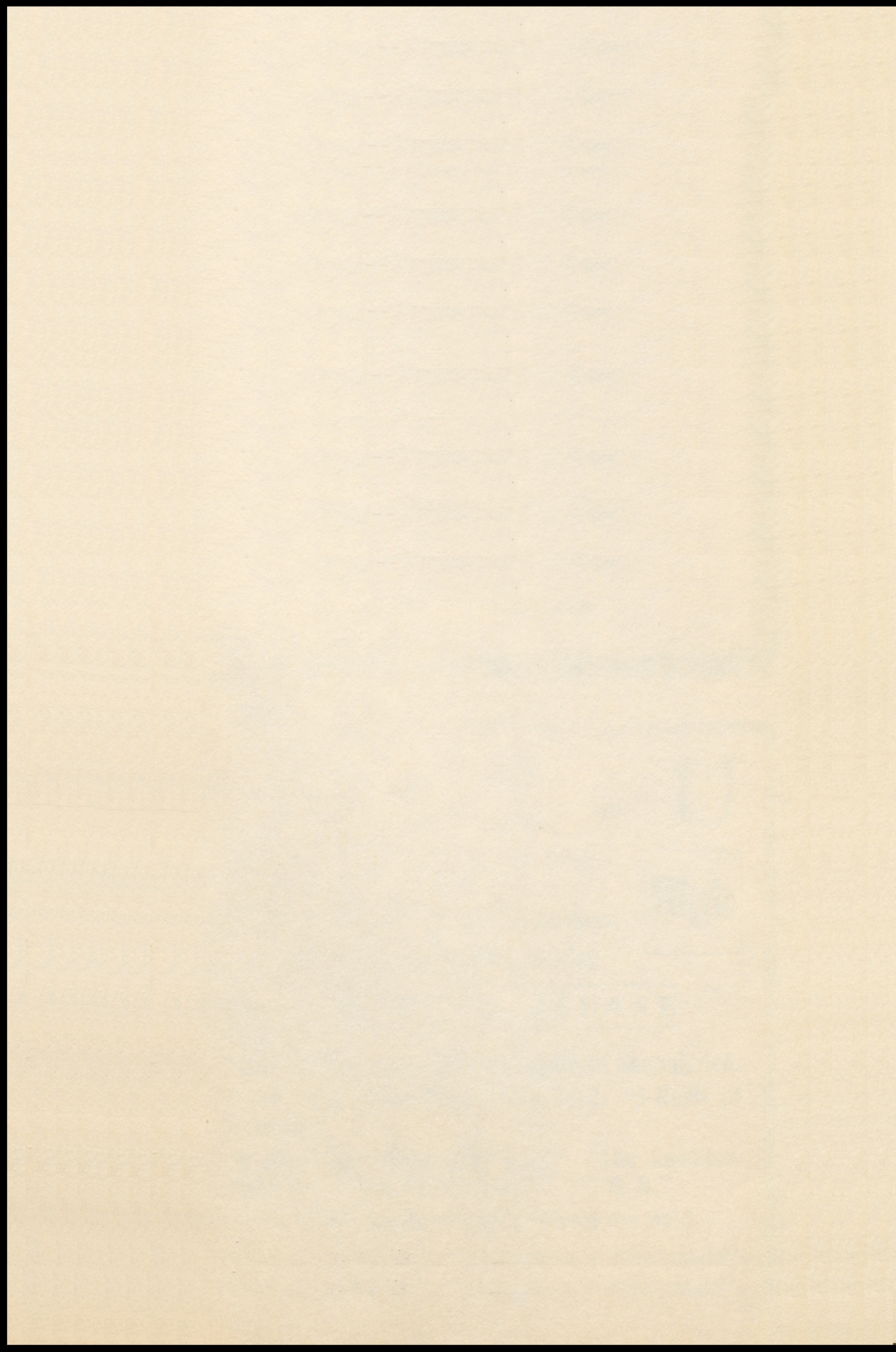
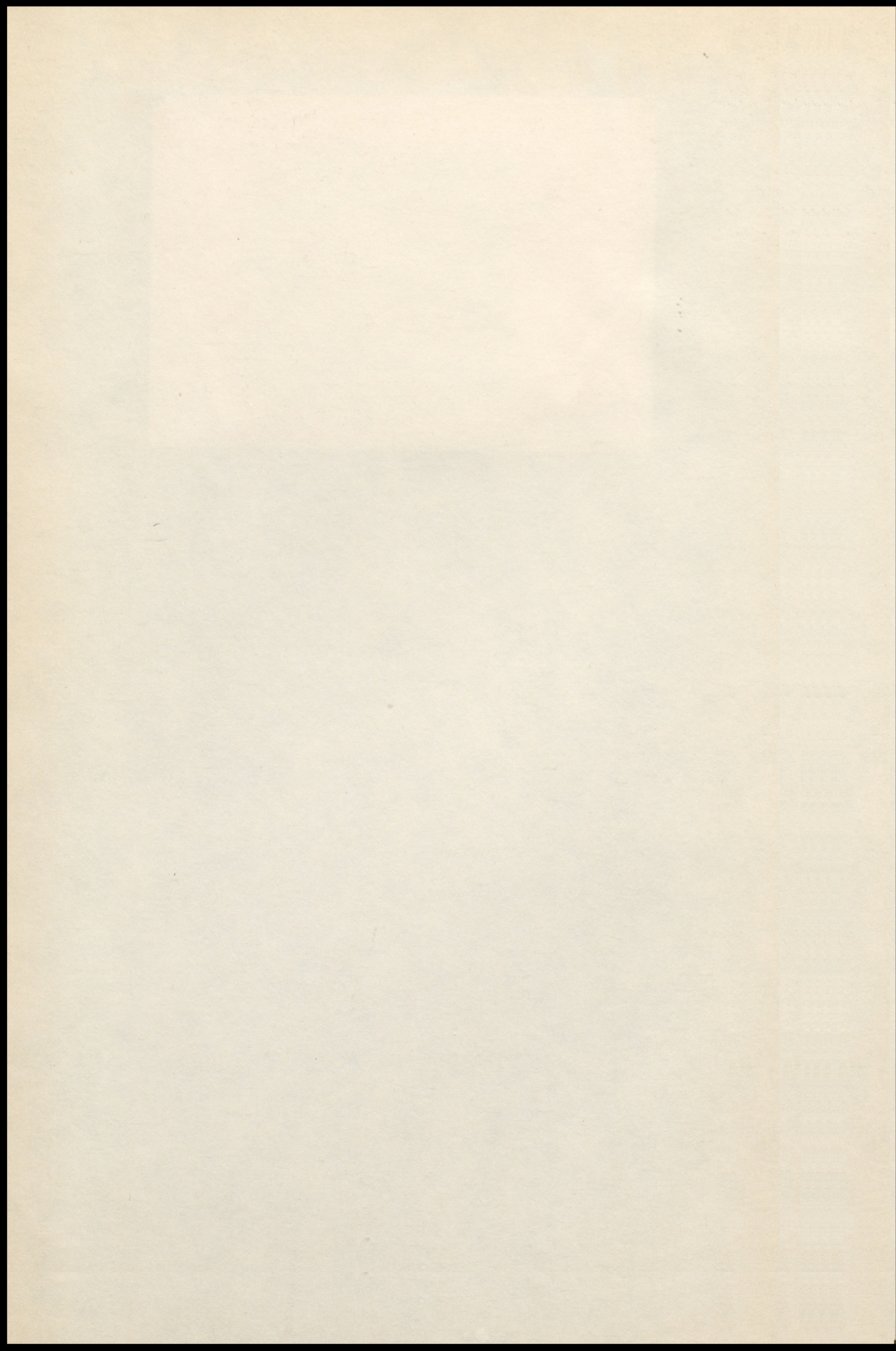


THE QUILL

NOVEMBER '15







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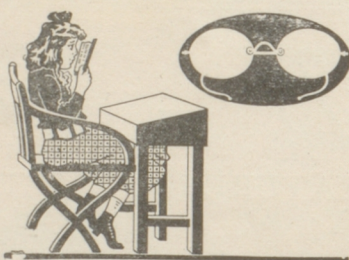
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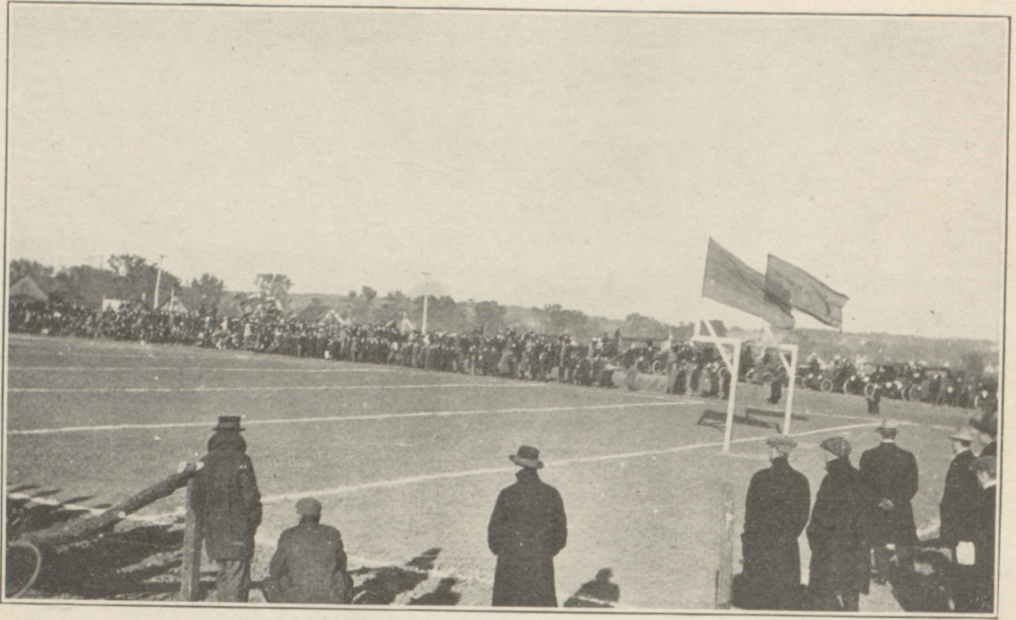
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Alumni Field



First Touchdown Made on Alumni Field

THE QUILL

Published by the Students of the East High School

VOL. XII

DES MOINES, IOWA, NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 1

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BRUCE GOULD

EDITORIAL

DOROTHY WOODS

It is the desire and the ambition of this year's staff to publish a school paper which is absolutely representative of the entire student body of this school. This paper recognizes the same laws and the same standard as the school and it expects to be the voice of the school.

Foreword

We expect to be kept busy putting together into magazine form all the material presented by the school at large, and we think that our expectations will be fulfilled. We expect to have the best Quill, as regards the standard and the tone of all departments of the paper, that has ever been published.

If you must criticise to the paper's detriment, go off in a room by yourself and enjoy your scathing criticism, revel in sarcasm, delight in telling how your paper should be made, but when you are with your classmates, get behind the Quill and push!

Bruce Gould

We have come through the present football season practically victorious.

Football

There were only two teams that were able to beat us, and we certainly made them realize that we knew how to play football well. Someone had to win, and while it goes hard to say that it wasn't we,

The Quill

we try to take our medicine gracefully. We at least realize that we did our best. But if we hadn't won a game we would still owe our team an expression of appreciation.

It is not an easy matter to give six afternoons a week for two months to football, when there are many other things one could do. It is especially hard for the second string men who know that they haven't a chance to get on the first team, but get out to help get the first team in condition. It certainly takes about as much school spirit as one boy can have to do that much. And the Quill, as the representative of the school, wishes to extend to all the fellows who got out for football, and especially to Captain Vane Overturf and Coach Van Liew, the school's appreciation of their efforts.

Bruce Gould



Bruce Gould

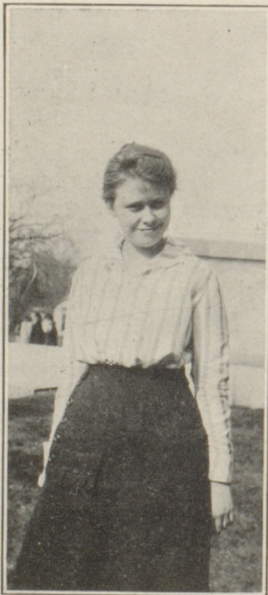
The present senior class was the first to enter this school building as freshmen, and it seems that they brought a new spirit with them, which is showing up magnifi-

New Spirit

cently, to the credit of the school. There seems to be a collective spirit, in that the whole school is acting together, in the proper manner, with little or no friction, a thing which is deserving and receiving recognition.

The seniors intend to make this present school year the banner year for East High and to leave tangible remembrances on which future seniors may build their ideals for a better East High. Let us all make the seniors know that we are with them.

Bruce Gould



Dorothy Woods

Do not forget the fact that the Quill stands only so long as the advertiser in the paper feels

Advertising

that he is amply repaid for his outlay. We do not want any business man to feel that he is advertising in a losing proposition, for we know he isn't. But to make the advertiser realize that he is advertising in the right place, we must bring the Quill to his notice, so be sure to mention the Quill the next time you purchase anything.



It is an easy thing to do, but a BIG thing for your school paper.

Bruce Gould

The gymnasium is to be thrown open to the basketball players in a few days and it is time

Basketball

to think of a basketball schedule. Basketball is our chief sport during the winter months and last year there was so much competition developed that a special game had to be played to determine the class winner. It looks a little bit as though the seniors would have it all their own way this year, but last year the seniors thought

the same thing and the juniors woke them up.

Both the Giant and the Shrimp championships were won by the class of '15 last year and they expect to keep their record good. Are the freshmen, sophomore and junior classes going to stand around and let the seniors have it all their own way, or is there going to be keen competition for the championship honors until after the last game is played?

Girls, you know what a little encouragement will make the opposite sex do. Get behind your respective teams and let them know you're there. Let's have some good, clean basketball games this year.

Bruce Gould

To the Fringed Gentian.

"Thou blossom bright with autumn
dew,
And colored with the heaven's own
blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

"Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs
unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden
nest.

"Thou waitest late and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are
flown,
And frosts and shortening days por-
tend
The aged year is near his end.

"Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

"I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart."

W. C. Bryant



LITERARY



OLETA LOVE

RUTH COHEN

On the Pan Handle

By Juanita Maitland, '16

The great, red sun had just dropped below the horizon, and therefore, night was rapidly approaching. For twilight is an unknown thing on the vast, lonesome plains which seem to begin and end nowhere.

The men from the "K. & T." ranch had gathered 'round the huge camp-fire, after the hard work of a day of "rounding-up" cattle. It was supper-time and the rattle of tin cups and tin plates was the only sound, aside from the talk of the boys which broke the eternal stillness of this section of the Texas cow-country.

The meal consisted mainly of tomatoes, canned from civilization; beef, the product of the region; flaky and toothsome biscuits, made in the dutch oven; spuds, cooked in their duds; and the strong, black coffee, whose pungent odor filled the air for some distance. On the whole, it was a meal which few modern housewives could have equaled.

The outfit laughed, joked and jibed each other, as men of the wilderness usually do. Being separated much of the time from those of their kind, they appreciate companionship.

A fine, dashing, handsome fellow seemed to be the target for most of the jests. Very soon the reason was evident.

"Oh, Buck!" cheah up, man; she's not the only gal in the univeahse," a booming bass voice sang out of the darkness. It belonged to Pete, the cook.

"Don't take it to heaht so. Peah-

haps she's only seeing how much you caahe foah heah; anyway don't look like you was being hung. I reckon as how I can safely advise you," a funny, high-pitched, but masculine voice volunteered from the circle about the fire.

"I had a gal onct an' she up an' refused me, same as this'n of youahs did you. But I jest up an' got anotheah 'un, an' heah I am, livin' happy as evah, an' she's sleepin' peaceful like undah the daisies."

Buck was not to be rallied by such taunts. His face, as revealed by the firelight, was a singularly striking one, a face long to be remembered. The skin was beautifully tanned, a high forehead showed beneath the Mexican sombrero, sharp, black eyes gleaming now in the radiant glow, seemed to pierce you like points of cold steel, a long, black mustache, the cowboy's pride, gave place a little lower to a handsome mouth, and a chin with a deep dimple. A blue flannel shirt, left open at the neck two buttons down, revealed the round, strong column of throat. Heavy, woolly "chaps" encased his lower limbs, and boots of extravagant decoration and excellent workmanship, proved him a typical plainsman. Spurs of silver, richly carved, and the pride of his heart, jingled when he walked.

But he sat now disconsolate, broken-hearted. A letter written in dainty, feminine style was held open in one outstretched hand—Buck was not looking at it, however—what need? Hadn't he read it sixty times? Didn't



Ruth Cohen

he know what it said as well as he knew his name? All he could gather from it was that a little golden-haired school teacher back in Iowa, for "certain reasons" would not have him.

He had many times described her to the boys, and planned with them what he would do when the time came. He had sent her a bushel (more or less) of curios of this strange, wild land, among them a handful of Mexican fire opals (her birthday was in October) and now like a bolt out of a clear sky, came the refusal. He was sick at heart, disgusted with women in general, and golden-haired school teachers in particular.

Buck couldn't eat, he wasn't hungry, that is, not for supper; he was sick of the rough life and its company. It was hard work and small reward.

He rose from the fire and swung rapidly out of its glow. He paused and whistled—a short whinny—the sound of small hoofs—and a wiry little mustang, Buck's best friend, cantered from the corral and nosed his soft muzzle into Buck's hand.

The pleasant jingle of silver an-

nounced that the saddle was going on to his back. With a loving, but rather abstracted pat on the sleek neck, Buck swung into the saddle and gave "Jinks" his head. The little beast cantered away from camp toward the rising moon, but soon fell into the long, easy lope which makes a mustang such an easy animal to ride.

Buck was dreaming, he didn't know and didn't care where he went, he only wanted to get away from the jolly, happy, care-free group of his fellows.

"Jinks," refreshed by his evening meal, and having no love affairs to disturb his tranquility of mind, loped along swiftly, enjoying the cool night air and heavy solitude. His ears were laid back and he was making time and putting distance between himself and the camp.

On they sped, thus man and beast, while the moon steadily climbed to the zenith.

Suddenly, all unannounced, a long white streak crossed the path just ahead of the horse, he shied and plunged his right fore leg into a gopher hole. He struggled to rise and Buck,



Oleta Love

The Quilt

thoroughly awake now, tried to help him.

"No use," he muttered, and patted gently the broken limb. He drew the long hog-leg from its place.

A quick discharge and the faithful little mustang lay still on the lonely plain.

Buck turned away and replaced the weapon. Gently he removed the saddle, blanket, tarpaulin, bridle and bit, and standing erect surveyed the surrounding country.

He wouldn't have believed it possible, and yet the inevitable had happened, he was lost. Yes, he was lost, and completely, too, he hadn't the slightest idea where he was, how far from camp or what direction he was from it, he might have been in Central Africa.

But he didn't care, he was glad of it—yes—only—well he **was** glad he knew he was.

He drew the saddle and traps a short distance from the horse and prepared to retire. He glanced at his watch—no, it must surely be wrong for once—certainly he had not been riding four hours. But there was the watch, its small hand plainly indicating eleven.

Rolling up in his blanket and tarpaulin, he rested his head on the saddle and boots. What were those long white streaks over there—why did the ground look so bumpy and such a funny color? He would investigate—no he wouldn't either, he didn't care. He lay back on his pillow and fell to thinking of—who can guess?

What if he should die—be killed—or something, would "She" care? No he didn't think she would. He knew she wouldn't. Why had she refused him? Of course she didn't care for him any more. Well, he was done with her, he wouldn't think any more about her, she wasn't worth it.

Nevertheless he chanted in a sweet, musical, but drowsy, sing songy tenor:

Here lies Willie Willie Wee

May the snake that biteth me

Never the light of morning see.

Buck had been named William for

his father, but nobody knew or cared, not even she—Buck fell into peaceful slumber.

Perhaps an hour had passed when Buck felt a soft, warm, furry body nestle into the semi-circle formed by his shins and feet. Buck was not asleep now—who was his uninvited bed fellow?

Slowly and without moving his body, he drew his "trustie" from beneath the saddle, and then giving a sudden, quick jerk, he sent the covers flying and incidentally, his unwelcome bed fellow some ten feet away.

A sharp bark announced his friend as Mr. Skunk, and a pair of fiery eyeballs located him. Buck took aim between the eyes and Mr. Skunk received Buck's thanks for the interruption of his sleep.

"No moahe sleep in this region, alahs too highly peahfumed," Buck soliloquized.

Gathering his bedding, he went some hundred yards against the wind, and again "turned in" for the rest of the night, or rather morning.

The stars held nothing to interest him, so without delay, Buck took passage for the land of Nod. A more beautiful land than ours is this land of Nod. In Nod, golden-haired school teachers didn't send you dainty scented notes, saying "no" to a certain question you asked and "for certain reasons" to your natural "why." In Nod, "She" had said "yes," he had put something on the third finger of her left hand, and she had given him something which made his heart skip a beat just for joy. And afterward they two had lived together, and by and by came a little soul to fill his heart with gladness, and thus ran their life in beautiful Nod—then Buck's eyes opened.

Why the sun was shining, but not through the south window onto her golden hair. Where was the laughing, dimpled baby who had crowed to him, held his finger and ridden on his shoulder? Only a dream.

Yes, the sun was shining not brightly yet, but shining all the same.

Mechanically Buck glanced about

him. There was the horse and his bed-fellow—then it was only a dream, she hadn't said "yes" after all.

But yonder, that was what he had seen last night by moonlight. With long, easy strides he reached what seemed to have been a forest, only that the trees were harder than rock and had all fallen to the ground and broken into huge slices like millstones. Suddenly it dawned upon Buck—this was the petrified forest of which his "yarn-spinning" friends had told such marvelous stories. He hadn't believed it, of course. But here it was, surely his eyes did not lie. He selected some fragments of the substance to prove that such a thing was really there.

But what was of more importance just now, he was ravenously hungry and why, man! this was fifteen miles from camp, no—yes, it must be, and east of it. What a fool he had been. There was the mustang, his nose eastward just as he had fallen in his tracks.

Now, carrying a saddle and all your traps is hardly fun at any time, but when you're hungry, it's hard work; and then besides, Buck did not believe in walking, he preferred to ride. Afar to the westward surely there was someone, something, maybe both, approaching. Eagerly Buck watched, for men from camp meant a horse and breakfast. Sure enough, here they came, Saratoga and the tenderfoot with a third horse.

"Wal, now, you do beat the next 'un," old Saratoga informed him jokingly. Then seeing the mustang, he understood and in agitation, changed the subject.

"Injin Jim came back with the mail from Badgah," he announced, then slyly watching for some sign of interest on Buck's part he pursued:

"Theahe was a lettah foah you f'om that er gal o' youahn."

No evidence of having heard this last gratified Saratoga, save that the left eyebrow lifted the least trifle.

"You'll be glad to heah f'om heah, won't you?"

The left eyebrow dropped back to its natural relation to the right eyebrow and Buck, having saddled the horse, swung into the saddle. Saratoga and the tenderfoot talked some on the ride back to camp, but Buck was moody and silent. His thoughts were tripping each other, so rapidly was his brain working. "Why had she written again to torment him? Their relations were closed. What had happened? Had she changed her mind?"

In due time they reached camp. Few men were about, for most of the boys had gone to Badger to celebrate the day in true cowboy style.

The cook handed Buck a letter, outwardly a twin to its predecessor, and he grinned knowingly as he did so, hoping to see some betrayal of his feelings.

After feeding his horse, he seated himself in the back of the supply wagon and carefully opened the missive.

"The certain reasons" were now removed by the very fortunate—"so the letter ran and "dearest, won't you come to me soon, I am yours now, henceforth and forever."

Would he go? Just watch and see if he did. Hurriedly gathering his few possessions, he re-saddled the horse and departed post-haste toward Badger whither his fellows had gone. His face was beaming with joy and the little letter was in the left pocket of the blue flannel shirt.

It has all come true since then—the little home, **their** home, with the sun streaming in at the south window onto **her** sunny head, and also there is the laughing, dimpled baby, **his** son, William. And thus you may guess why it is that Buck is no longer a cowboy, why he has implicit faith in a golden-haired school teacher and the happenings in the beautiful land of Nod.



Palamon and Arcite

By Bruce Gould, '16

"Take a look at me," crowed one of the game bantams from his cage, much to the disgust of his one-time friend, Palamon, in his cage beside Arcite's. Arcite's invitation was addressed to a young chicken he had just caught sight of and fallen in love with at the same instant as had Palamon. And she was some chicken. She had on a pink hat, brown shiny coat and a classy way of walking. When Emily looked at the two prisoners her tender heart was filled with pity, for you must remember that she was chicken-hearted. And so, in the manner of females the world over, she cast them loving glances. And Arcite and Palamon sighed and crowed by turns.

Palamon finally said to Arcite, "If either one of us gets out of these cages, let us swear not to make love to that sweet and toothsome damsel, Emily, until the other shall have been released or killed." And by St. Coxcomb they swore it.

It came to pass one day that their owner, Mr. Theseus, on an inspection, chanced to notice how poor Arcite was

wasting away, and being a gentle king, he released Arcite for a time. No sooner had Arcite been released than he repaired himself to Emily's side. Emily cast him coy glances and flirted with him, as is the manner of young chickens. Arcite did a few stunts and pompadoured his hair, quite winning the heart of Emily.

Palamon, however, raged within his cage and suspected fowl play. "If I ever get out of here—" and he heard the lock open. Emily saw him and marveled to see such a handsome gentleman.

Because the lady was there, Palamon invited Arcite to come out in the alley and the challenge was promptly accepted. An hour they fought, wading in gore, but Palamon, finally summoning all his strength, jumped high and spurred the luckless Arcite dead. Emily, who had really been peeking through a knothole, rushed back to the yard so as to act like a perfect lady. She received Palamon with all tokens of love and they lived happily ever after.

Fall in Wyoming

By Aurel Bentley, '18

It is Indian Summer,
Beautiful October weather,
With a blue haze

Over all.

And here and there
A bonfire blaze—

Lovely fall!

And up above
A lone star twinkles,

Seeming to say,

"Ice and snow, the year's wrinkles
Are coming
And snowbirds will play."



A Lover's Fate

By Reuben Hussman, '16

Once there were two brothers bold,
In bygone years, in days of old;
The fairest maid in all the land,
Both brothers sought her dainty hand;
Both she loved, and both loved her,
And jealousy their love did spur,
Until all met on one fair day,
And to their pleadings the maid did
say,
"The bravest of the brave I'll pledge
to marry,
Now prove your worth and do not
tarry."
Now on the morrow the brothers de-
parted,
Opposite roads they took as they
started;
Their hopes were high as they jour-
neyed forth,
One toward the south, the other the
north;
In one year from the time, they were
pledged to return,
And the one bravest deed was the
maiden to earn;
When the year had passed the broth-
ers came back,
They went to the maid, nor armor did
lack;
The one from the north related his tale,
How he'd crossed the sea on Neptune's
whale;
How on the south bank a battle he
fought

And returned with the head of the
monster Mont,
The monster who swam the deep sea
at night
And devoured an army in the very
king's sight;
The one from the north related his
tale,
How he'd crossed the ice in Jupiter's
sail;
How he'd conquered the kings in the
farthest north,
On the very third day from the time
he set forth;
How he'd lost the sail of the king of
all men,
And wandered the world from that
time till then;
When the wanderings of both of the
brothers were told,
The heart of the maiden was forced to
unfold;
She took the man from the south as her
choice,
She lifted his visor, but heard no voice;
His body was limp, his face was pale,
His eyes were set, his soul left his
mail.
The grandest funeral in all the land
Was fixed for the man who had won
her hand;
Shortly after her champion's sad fate
She married his brother, who ruled the
state.

Apple Treat

By Hazel Wyatt, '18

The lessons were dragging wearily on,
And the pupils were half asleep
When all of a sudden, four times rang
the gong,
"Fire! Fire!" a boy cried and jumped
out of his seat,
Then they all rushed out with a bound
and a leap
And found on the steps, some apples
to eat.



Wheels of Justice

By Roger Webley, '16

Abie was born in a little shack, near the lower East Side Settlement House. His natural shrewdness from infancy had been matched against the keen minds of those always ready to get the better of one not so sharp as themselves. When scarcely able to stand, Abie had toddled out to watch the usual Sunday afternoon "crap game." A little later, when he could dress himself, he as a matter of course sold papers.

To Abie's mind the sin of a transgression was in being found out. He was a believer in the eleventh commandment, if in none of the others, viz., "Thou shalt not be found out." His highest aim in life was "to do other people good." From a child with these early advantages one would naturally expect a character somewhat different from the ordinary boy.

Early in his school life, the teacher had sent him for some pears for her lunch. Wishing them to be thoroughly ripe, she instructed him to pinch one before buying them. Abie had returned with the pears. "When he was looking the other way, I pinched a whole bag."

By the time he was twelve, he and another boy had figured out a system of domestic economy that was ideal, as far as practical results went. The process was something like this: Jakie would go into the fruit vender's store and ask for a drink; while the proprietor's attention was in another direction, Abie, in front of the store, would proceed to fill his blouse with anything eatable.

One of Abie's greatest pleasures was to ride a wheel. Not being able to afford one himself, he used to go to "messenger alley," and for a nickel was able to hire a wheel for the time the owner spent at dinner.

One day, while enjoying his usual sport, as Abie rounded a corner he came in contact with an angry individual with such force as almost to un-

seat him. "Where did you get that wheel? That wheel is mine!"

The whole affair ended in Abie, White, and the wheel being taken to the station by a "cop" whose attention had been attracted by Abie's frantic efforts to retain his steed. Abie was sent to the matron's ward, but was soon released, after being ordered to report next day for trial.

* * *

After the opening of court, which was a rather informal affair, the judge heard White's story. "While I was seein' a movie, I left my wheel locked to the end of the wheel rack. When I come out it was gone, and as I was walkin' down toward the traffic cop, I met this kid with it."

"Are you sure it is your wheel?"

"Yes, they took down the number at the station. Here's a man from where I bought it 'at will tell you that I bought it of him."

The dealer, when called to the stand, said, "That man came into my place and bought that wheel a few days ago. I remember he had the seat changed."

Next Jessie, better known among his acquaintances as "Skinny," was called. "What have you to say about the case?"

"I did not see Abie the day he says I rented the wheel. I ain't saw him for a week. I played with Jim all day the day yer talkin' about." Jim, when called, corroborated the statement.

"Abie, can you tell us the story in your own words?"

"Last Monday, as I was walkin' by 'messenger alley,' I met Skinny and I asked him if I could use his wheel for an hour, and he said, 'Yes,' but he would charge eight cents, as he just got a new one. We went to the Bijou and found it padlocked to the rack. He had a key, but it wouldn't work, so he said he didn't care for the old lock any how, and he broke it."

The judge thought for a few minutes. "I am sorry, Abie; since that 'copper' case you have been a good boy.

You remember I sent the 'Copper King' over, and let you out on your promise to be good. And it is hard if you have done your best, but the evidence is strongly against you. I'm afraid I'll have to send you to Waukesha; you'll have a chance to go to school, and learn a trade. If you are good, your sentence will be shortened. The streets are no place for a boy."

Abie's mother could restrain herself no longer. "Mr. Judge, please just let me tell you what a good boy my Abie's been. He has saved his money, he's got most enough for a suit; and he helped me with the groceries, too. Don't send Abie away, he's all I've got; and judge, he don't smoke no more, and he's so good." Abie's mother broke down and wept.

* * *

When Snider came to his office the second morning and found no paper, he said to himself, "There's something wrong with that kid; he never did miss me before, and he wouldn't now if something wasn't the matter. I will look him up."

Snider was a young criminal lawyer, just out of college. He had opened up his office in the Long Building, six months before. He had not, up to this time, been overworked with cases. Having been a newsboy once himself, he was interested in the newsboys' club. Snider tried to keep his mind on the book he was reading, but it kept returning to Abie. He thought of his own boyhood scrapes, and decided to find Abie.

After winding his way through the narrow streets that led to Abie's humble shack, he knocked at the door and asked, "Is Abie in?"

"Yes, they sent him up two days ago."

"I am one of Abie's customers and I thought when I missed the paper twice in succession that something must be wrong. Tell me Abie's troubles, maybe I can help. I am a lawyer," said Snider, catching at the words "sent up."

Abie's mother, at first cautiously, and then with more confidence, as she saw his friendly interest, related Abie's story.

"Are you sure that Abie told the truth?"

"He might have told things to other people, things that were not exactly true, but he always told me the truth. Abie was always a good boy."

"It looks doubtful, but I'll see what I can do. Can you tell me where Skinny lives?" After receiving the directions he started for Skinny's home, turning what he had heard over in his mind.

* * *

Abie was overjoyed at his release. The morning he reached home, he hunted up his old customers, who had been neglected while he was away. His mother had told him of the interest a young lawyer had taken in him. But he did not yet understand how his release had been obtained. As Snider was unlocking his office door Abie approached with the paper. "I've got back, and you won't miss your paper any more, Mr. Snider. Do you know what got me out?"

"Yes, it was being a good boy that got you out; nobody could have gotten you out if what they said had been true. I saw an account in the paper of how a man had looked up the evidence. He had found the address of the boy of whom you had rented the wheel. As the man went along a side street he had a view of the rear of Skinny's house. The coal shed door had been left open; he noticed a pile of bicycles.

"The rest was easy. The police arrested Skinny, who soon confessed to the theft of the bicycles. A few papers were made out and you were on your way home."

Abie did not have much to say, but he never comes around to collect for the paper, and on the Jewish New Year a bottle of white wine will always be found at the office door of a certain lawyer.



A Poem

By Homer Wills, '18

I go to East High five days a week,
On Saturday and Sunday I make up
lost sleep.
My classes they run from eight-thirty
'till three,
There's not a single teacher takes pity
on me.

I studied early in the morning, and I
studied late at night,
Making sure that my lessons got fin-
ished all right.
Then when marking day came round
on time,
I got marks which I thought, "Surely
can't be mine."

"These marks are the property of
some other guy,
Who surely don't go to our East
High."

Then I knew that my mark was very,
very low,
I thought that I knew more than I
really did know.

But I remembered the nights I didn't
study,
The stories I read which were awful
bloody,
Days that I stayed out, days I didn't
come,
All these together, were making marks
bum.

I guess I will brace, have to brace up,
make another try,
Because Mr. Peterson says my batting
average ain't very high.
I don't want to repeat what I've al-
ready said,
But after this, at nine o'clock, I'm in
bed.

Autumn

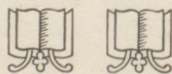
By Amy Coventry, '16

When the sun sets early in the west,
And the shadows slowly play,
Then 'tis Nature's time for rest,
Every sound doth seem to say.

Then the dry and withered leaves,
Once tinged with brightest hues,
Lie thick beneath the naked trees,
And say their sad adieus.

Then the noisy little bush-tail
Scampers o'er these crackling leaves;
While the pheasant and the quail
Scratch among the scattered sheaves.

Then the last and lonely flowers
(Withered are their pretty heads),
Make us trust to next spring's showers
To restore Dame Nature's dead.





Street Car and City

By Thure Engstrom, '16

Street Car and City were brothers. They were the best of friends. Street Car had obtained the use of City's bicycle for a certain consideration called Franchise. This Franchise had been given Street Car for twenty-five years.

And this day, as they were walking through a beautiful street, this consideration had expired. Street Car was arguing with City on the question of how to renew this consideration.

With this question in mind, they passed beneath the window of a beautiful heiress. She was singing sweetly and her mellow tones struck both Street Car and City. They stopped.

Capitalization had just broken her slumber. With the beautiful notes ringing in the air she went to the window to feed a little bird who had made that his abode for the evening. City

and Street Car looked up and caught sight of her beautiful face. They both fell in love with her. City wanted her for his own and so did Street Car. They became jealous of each other. This jealousy increased to such a point that City suggested that they have a duel and the one that was wounded first would be counted as the loser.

On the day of this duel Capitalization and Consumer were present to witness the combat. After a few minutes of skillful fencing, City pierced Street Car through the heart. Street Car fell back wounded. City, who was proclaimed the winner of this combat, rushed to the side of Capitalization. Later they were married and lived happily ever after. Consumer, who was a witness to the ceremony, was also content.

Autumn

By Nina A. Lawson, '18

The dreamy sky of the summer is past,
The gray of autumn is coming fast;
And bright leaves falling down in a
swirl
Throw joy in the heart of the scurry-
ing squirrel.

The Hallowe'en moon a great, gold
sphere,
Tells us of spooks and goblins we fear;
For Thanksgiving days are drawing
nigh,
And we are dreaming of pumpkin pie.

The bright green leaves, once bright
and gay,
Who whispered to birdlings the live-
long day,
Are turning yellow and red and gold;
The autumn wind is getting bold.

So gladly we welcome you, autumn,
dear,
Brightest time of all the year;
Yes, autumn has entered with all her
treasures,
And we look forward to Hallowe'en
pleasures.





APPRECIATION

WARREN BASSETT

BRUCE GOULD

LAWRENCE CARTER

The Broad Highway

Jeffrey Farnol, the author of "The Broad Highway," is an Englishman and consequently writes of English life, but the fact that you know nothing of places mentioned detracts not in the least from the story. It is written in the first person in an extremely interesting style and is a book which well deserves appreciation. If you once read it you will surely place it first on the list of good stories you have read and regret that you had not read it sooner.

The author in the foreword tells you how he decided on what should go into his story. He was talking with a Tinker "what was a literary cove" of the story he should write, which would tell of "roads and by-roads, of rapid brooks and lazy streams, a book of wayside inns and sequestered taverns, a book of country things and ways and people."

"But," objected the Tinker, "trees and such like don't sound interestin', leastways not in a book, for after all a tree's only a tree and an inn an inn; no, you must tell of other things as well."

So, in the author's words, the book tells of "country things and ways and people and, since the part of my life herein recorded was something of a hard, rough life you shall also hear of blood; and because I came, in the end,

to love greatly, so shall you hear of love."

The result of these things combined by an author like Farnol makes a really wonderful story. His mastery of plot, his fine style, his quiet humor, his delightful phrasing and dialect and, above all, his deep knowledge of human nature and ability to portray character attract and hold your attention to the last page. His characters are so human that they really live for you and you are fully in sympathy with them. There is quite a bit of philosophy in the book; for example, the Tinker says, "Don't be downhearted—don't be dashed afore you begin; we can't all be gen'uses—it aren't to be expected."

The dialect and phrasing are a constant source of delight, when the Ancient says, "We'll up and see the Squire, you an' me—shall us, Peter? There be some fules," he said, looking around upon the staring audience, "some fules as talks o' Bot'ny bay an' irons, an' whippin' posts—all I say is—let 'em, Peter, let 'em! You an' me'll up an' see the Squire, Peter, shan't us?"

All the above good points added to a good plot make a story which you will surely like and appreciate and you would, as the author hopes, turn the last page with a sigh.

Warren Bassett





An Appreciation of Nature

Every lover of the out-of-doors has his own key which he claims will unlock the heart of Nature. But like the disappointed swain who found that his love was admired by everyone in the village, the student of Nature will realize that the out-of-doors is loved by other people beside himself, and that no special key is needed to turn the lock.

There is the artist, who goes with his easel to make a sketch of a meadow lark. So enthused is he over the coloring of the feathers that he is not conscious of the bird's song. The hunter goes hurrying up the hill to get a glimpse of a great living wedge whose "honk" can be heard miles away—hurrying without even noticing the flaming sumac or the blazing buckbrush berries. The scientist notices only the rare butterflies he needs to complete his collection and the musician hears merely the warble of the thrush.

There is a better way to enjoy Nature—a way which is reserved for those who go for their walks, not merely with open eyes and ears, but with open souls. America has a number of Nature lovers of this type, and at the head of the list I would put Lowell. His genius is shown in "To The Dandelion," his greatest poem. He talks directly to the humble flower:

"Thou art the type of those meek charities,
Which make up half the nobleness of life,
Those cheap delights the wise pluck
From the dusty wayside of life's strife;
Words of frank cheer, glances of friendly eyes,
Love's smallest coin, which yet to some may give
That morsel which may keep alive
A starving heart, and teach it to behold
Some glimpse of God where all before was cold."

It is in the "Bobolink" that he reveals his true child-like simplicity. He speaks of his love of Nature when he was a child:

"Nature, thy soul was one with mine,
And, as a sister by a younger brother is loved,
Each flowing to the other,
Such love for me was thine."

Then the poet asks:

"Or wer't thou not more like a loving mother
With sympathy and loving power to heal,
Against whose heart my throbbing head I'd lay
And moan my childish sorrows all away,
Till calm and holiness would o'er me steal?"

Lawrence Carter





Lawrence Carter

Bruce Gould

Warren Bassett

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

This truly wonderful poem was found by Edward Fitzgerald in a penny book in the original Persian language. He was so attracted by the beauty of its verses that he bought it and set about translating it into English; and to him the English-speaking world is indebted for this collection of verses.

Omar Khayyam lived in the eleventh century, in Khorassan. His profession was that of astronomer and mathematician, and he, with eleven others, was chosen to revise and to correct the Persian calendar. But he was also a great philosopher, one of the greatest of his time, and happily he wrote down his thoughts in a verse styled quatrain.

I will quote a sentence or two from a speech Mr. Hay made to the Omar Khayyam Club in London, 1897. Speaking of it he says: "The exquisite beauty, faultless form, singular grace

of those amazing stanzas were not more wonderful than the depth and breadth of their profound philosophy, their knowledge of life, their dauntless courage, their serene facing of the ultimate problems of life and death." And again he says, "Could it be possible that in the eleventh century, so far away as Khorassan, so accomplished a man of letters lived, with such distinction, such breadth, such insight, such calm disillusion, such cheerful and jocund despair."

It is a song of incomparable and compelling beauty and I will set below a few of his marvelous verses in the hope that you will be induced to merely take up the book, knowing that it would be read through in such a case. It is a masterpiece of literature, a poetic gem. The Rubaiyat begins with this verse:

"Wake! For the Sun who scattered
into flight



The stars before him from the Field
of Night
Drives Night along with them from
Heaven, and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of
Light."

These verses seem to burst forth
spontaneously in the joy of Spring:

"Come fill the Cup, and in the fire of
Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance
fling;
The Bird of Time has but a little
way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the
wing.

"A Book of Verses underneath the
Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and
Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilder-
ness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!"

These verses show something of a
happiness which is strong for a time
and vanishes:

"Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish
with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manu-
script should close!
The Nightingale that in the
branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again,
who knows?"

"And when like her, oh Saki, you shall
pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on
the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach
the spot
Where I made One—turn down an
empty Glass!

Omar Khayyam lived in the time of
great religious fervor and in a time
when men were asking Why, Where
and Whence. He asks it in his Rub-
aiyat and seeks to tell the answer. His

philosophy made the best of his oppor-
tunities and it was the greatest of his
time. He is not an atheist, but merely
a skeptic within bounds, always, al-
ways believing, but asking "Why."

I have picked five verses to try to re-
veal at least part of his philosophy. In
the first he wonders why Man is put
on this earth:

"Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust
aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Wer't not a shame—wer't not a
shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?"

This verse shows marvelous univer-
sality for the eleventh century and a
philosophy which might well be copied
today:

"Christian, Jew, Moslem, each
Cries, "Hell to thee, Brother, for thy
speech
Is Alien. Lo, tho' Babel's curse re-
mains,
He hears each loving prayer, but still
they preach."

These verses show something of his
fatalism, of his blind belief that what-
ever happens had been predestined in
the Beginning:

"But helpless Pieces of the Same He
plays
Upon this Checker-board of Nights
and Days;
Hither and Thither moves, and
checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet
lays."

"The Moving Finger writes; and, hav-
ing writ,
Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a
Line
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word
of it."

This verse shows how with all his
questioning he arrived at nothing, was
satisfied no further:

The Quill

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and hear great argument

About it and about; but evermore
Came out by the same door wherein
I went."

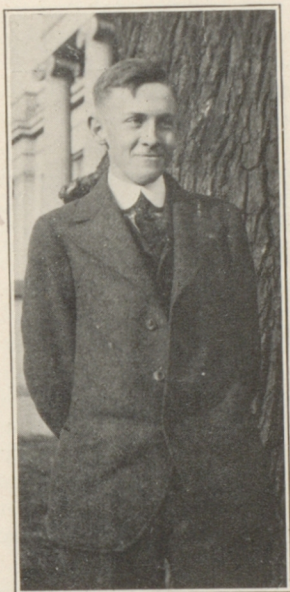
Bruce Gould





WHATS DOING

LAWRENCE CARTER



Lawrence Carter

With faces as long and pathetic looking as parabolic curves, we came back to school for a year of exceedingly pleasant misery, feeling like charged Leyden jars. After leading many a freshman to the gilt letters on various doors, or informing him that his lost locker key would immediately be looked after—in a week or so, we managed to steal a little time from these invaders so thirsty for knowledge and grasp the hand of a friend. Everybody (in the language of an afternoon tea party on the piazza) seemed

charmed and delighted to be in school again.

The echo of three bells was drowned by our voices and we plunged excitedly into the assembly room. We staggered through five verses of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Then Gladys Winterrowd sang "Juanita," which all enjoyed. When each of the new teachers had made his initial speech, an entertaining as well as beneficial talk on education was given by Major Clancy. The assembly was dismissed. What happened during the rest of the day was too dismal to relate.

The study of Spanish has been introduced into Des Moines schools this year. It seems to be very popular, for the classes are large and flourishing. It is being taught all over the country since the opening of the Panama canal, for it is hoped that the United States will have an extensive trade with the South American countries. Miss Ballet has charge of the two classes in East High.

The Quill wishes to welcome the teachers who are with us this year for the first time.

Mr. Lyman, who is a graduate of East High, comes to us from Ames High, where he taught science and coached the football team. He teaches mathematics and physics.

Miss Nelson, who was at Newton

last year, has taken Miss Hillman's place as a teacher of history.

Miss Nickle, formerly a member of the Drake faculty, is one of the instructors in business English.

Miss Moore, another English teacher, has taught in Des Moines College for two years. Last year she studied in the University of Chicago.

Miss Lapham comes to us from Sabin School, where she taught English in the seventh and eighth grades. Her work is English.

Mr. Swanson, who came from Suomi College in Michigan, teaches Swedish and mathematics.

On Friday, October 1, the bells stuttered four times. Fire! Everybody plunged out of the class-rooms and sauntered tranquilly down the halls to the most remote exit door. When finally outside we went to the cool shade and waited eagerly to return.

At the assembly which followed a few staggering yells and some football songs were given. The team, which was about to leave for Webster City, came to the platform and we had a hilarious, rousing football assembly.

Only a few knew that the cause of the fire alarm was a spontaneous combustion in the brains of Miss Church's third period chemistry class.

We had our first open evening on October 4, when a booster entertainment for the band was given. Two reels of Keystone comedies put us in the spirit to appreciate the rest of the program. Some bewitching Thespians sang "Dublin Bay" and "Alexander's Syncopated Band." These artists came directly from Broadway, where they played successfully for one-half a night. Then followed a bizarre musical novelty featuring the "Classy Bunch of Girls." While their music was a little ultra-modern for the average uncultured audience to appreciate, their resonant voices blended with the frenzied harmonics of the mouth organs and tambourines, and the effect was soothing to the listeners. Then "The

Bachelor's Dream," a pathetic pantomime, revealed some of the latent beauty of a dozen senior girls. Sara Tobes and Cora Blumenstein gave two sparkling readings. When the football boys had done their musical extravaganza, the girls who did "The Bachelor's Dream" returned and gave a screaming interpretation of "John Brown's Baby." The program ended with those "Ragtime Boys" in some effervescent song hits.

The entertainment was enjoyable in spite of the fact that the program was planned and prepared in two days. While the entertainment was rather averse to the Muses, the large audience was more than satisfied and about eighty dollars was netted for the band.

The most orthodox epicures broke their rigid laws governing the regulation of the complexion when we crashed out of the building and found three barrels of apples on the front steps, waiting for us. We crowded around the barrels like that mob of pagan senators trying to stab an ambitious general. Each was given an aromatic sphere which he quickly devoured.

The bells rang and we hurried back to the assembly room, feeling as hilarious as if we had been charged by a thousand induction coils. Miss Goodrell complimented us upon our good behavior in taking care of the cores.

On Friday afternoon, October 7, after the team had beaten Newton's eleven, Alumni Field was christened. Speeches were given by Mr. Garton, Mayor Hanna, Mr. McKinney and Fred Van Liew, after which we sang "America, the Beautiful." Irene Finn, in behalf of the school, gave a short speech of appreciation of the new field, and then she lighted the bonfire.

Until dark we lingered about the fire and were loath to leave it, poking up the boxes, throwing in half-burnt sticks, adding another branch and yet another, and looking back as we turned to go to catch one more glimpse of the smoke curling up into the air.

The Quill

The students of East High wish to express their gratitude to Mr. J. H. Beyer of the Queal Lumber Company, for he donated material for the goal posts on the Alumni Field. Mr. Beyer is a former student of East High and a loyal east side business man. We appreciate his gift.

Through the kindness of a representative from Harger & Blish, an Amberola concert was given on the afternoon of October 13. There were many contagious melodies, including "Teenie Weenie."

On Friday afternoon, October 15th, Mr. Hutchinson, a field worker of the Booker T. Washington Institute, talked on the social questions of the colored race. His talk was forceful, straight to the point, and interesting. By request of Miss Goodrell, he added a few words by telling us of the school life at the southern institute. East High will welcome his return.

The seniors entertained the freshmen at a mixing party in the gymnasium on the evening of October 15. The senior girls escorted the freshman boys, and the senior boys, the freshman girls. The evening was spent in novelty races and sells. During the grand march a delicious two-course (?) luncheon, consisting of apples and stick candy, was served in true "Sing Sing" style.

The hour of bedtime soon approached, so the party was broken up. The freshman promised to entertain in four years from now the new ninth graders.

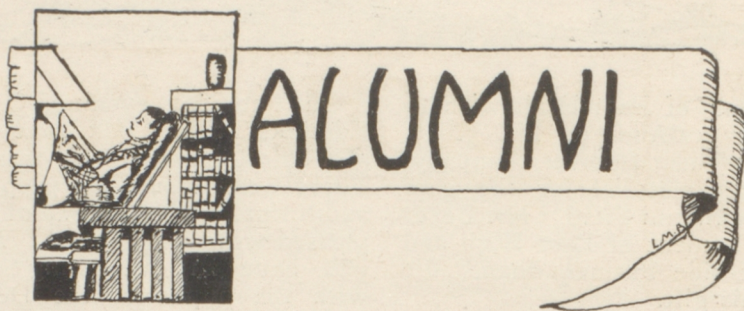
On Thursday evening, October 21, Edmund Vance Cook gave an enjoyable entertainment of his own readings. There were about 800 people in the auditorium and every one of them was pleased with his program. Mr. Cooke will have an everlasting friendship with the pupils of the Des Moines schools.

A large audience heard the concert which was given under the management of Harger & Blish for the purpose of getting money to buy an Amberola for the school. The following artists contributed to the program: Mrs. Mabelle Wagner-Shank, Mr. Sheasby, Miss Stephany, Miss Iras Wilson and Wilda Bee Spencer. Their varied program was enjoyed by all.

Program.

"The Gypsies".....	Brahms
"Madrigal in May".....	Newton
Aria from "Freischietz".....	Weber
"The Swallows".....	Del Acqua
"Vacation".....	Bartlett
"There, Little Girl".....	Riley
"Turn Backward".....	Allen
"Nymphs and Fauns".....	Bemberg
"Who'll Buy My Lavender".....	German
"Slavonic Dance".....	Dvorak-Kreisler
"Crant Negre".....	Kramer
"The Kiss".....	Ardite
"Old Banjo".....	Jenkins
"How Did You Die".....	Cook
"Beyond Endurance".....	Riley
"Humoresque".....	Dvorak
"Little Pink Rose".....	Band
"Nothin' But Love".....	Band
"Japanese Maiden".....	Gayner
Aria from "Robert le Diable".....	
.....	Meyerbeer
"One Fine Day".....	Puccini
"Goblins Will Get Ye".....	Riley





HELEN GREEVER

As usual, a number of the 1915 class are in Drake. The following are enrolled: Arva Barge, Hazel Galt, Bertha Goodrich, Helen Martin, Norwood Norman and Louise Willis.

Selma Carlson, Will Cowan, Florence Hakanson, Irene Hardin, Wilma Hartung, William Lanphere, Nell Nelson, George Rasck, Ralph Whittle and Gladys Winterrowd are enrolled at Highland Park.

Ed Adams, Lillian Lambert, Ellwyn Lucas and Clare Banta are at Ames.

Peter Kranenburg and Lester Sandahl are both at Iowa City.

Vic Weiser is at the University of Pennsylvania.

Franz Wood is at Cornell, Ithaca, N. Y.

Ragnhild Lagerquist is working for her father.

Mildred Finnane is teaching school at Promise, S. D.

Louise Conrad is working in the state library.

Marjorie Nethercut is in the east with the Redpath Bureau.

Leo Moulson is working for the Des Moines Rubber Co.

Lawrence Macy, Beulah Hudson and Esten Scott are attending Capital City Commercial College.

Nannette Ashby is at the Western College for Women at Oxford, Ohio.

Clara Bassett is working at the Des Moines Hosiery Mills.

Katherine Watts and Edith Anthony entered Des Moines College, but Edith was taken ill and forced to drop her school work.

Harriett Bagg is working for her father.



Helen Greever

Judith Burnstein and Sarah Stone are working at Younker's.

Olga Borg is working for her father.

Stella Clayman is a stenographer for Mr. Ranson in the Hippee Bldg.

Bede Glenn is a traveling salesman. Imagine it!

Martin Flentje is working for the Des Moines Bakery.

Glee Goreham, Anna Herschberg, Elizabeth Hargis, Jennie Johnson, Bess Kingman and Anna Phillips are teaching country school.

Helen Richter is the East High librarian.



EXCHANGES

PEARL COTTRELL



Pearl Cottrell

We are in receipt of several school papers at this time, all of which we gladly welcome. But many of our old friends have not yet appeared, doubtless because many publications do not issue their first number before November or December.

We shall try our best to make this department as interesting as any other in the Quill. We are always ready to welcome new ideas and only hope we may be able to give some in return.

Among the exchanges received last year too late for publication in the June number are the following:

The Early Trainer, Essex Training School, Lawrence, Mass.

The Red and White, Iowa City.

The Post, Franklin High School, Portland, Ore.

The Caliper, Stuyvesant High School, New York.

Other exchanges coming in this year are:

The I High, Independence, Iowa.

Red and White, Todd Seminary, Woodstock, Ill.

The Purple and Gray, Burlington, Iowa.

The Miltonvale College Monitor, Miltonvale, Kan.

The Register, Omaha.

"O," Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Blue and White, Perry, Iowa.

Orange and Black, East Waterloo, Iowa.

In the Newtonia, from Newton, the sketches on the subject, "How Dear to My Heart are the Scenes of My Childhood," are very interesting; we enjoyed reading them.

The Cardinal, from Lincoln High School, Portland, Ore., is a well-edited paper and shows the results of much work.

The L. W. L. Life, from San Francisco, gives us a new idea of student co-operation. The paper is edited by the three schools of the city and they are to be complimented for the manner in which they do it. They have a splendid literary department, which is more than half the success of any paper.

The buzz of the Bumble B, from Boone, is heard among our exchanges and we wish to say that we will be glad at any time to give them a friendly "lift" whenever the opportunity presents itself.



INTERVIEWER

AMY CAMPBELL



Amy Campbell

We were deeply grieved over the loss of our former chronicler, Chief-Hoo-Ray-East-Hi. When he informed us that he could no longer remain in our midst, having other work to attend to, we hastily called a conference to grapple with the weighty problem of who would take the departed chief's place. As if in answer to our unspoken interrogation, a queer little fellow appeared in the doorway. He was short and fat and queerly dressed, his

hair was long and his bright eyes sharp and penetrating. He appeared to be a combination of an elf and a wizard. When he addressed us he spoke in a high falsetto voice, using short, decisive words. We could not avoid being impressed by his wisdom, while we refrained with difficulty from laughing at his odd dignity and queer appearance.

"Until recently my home has been on the planet Mars," he said, "where my occupation has been that of watching and studying the inhabitants of the earth. They seem a queer people, but I have studied their habits and customs for so many years that I am becoming quite used to their oddities and I have studied them so closely that I can not only read their thoughts, but hear their words when I am far from them. When I realize the great loss you sustained through the departure of the learned Chief-Hoo-Ray-East-Hi, I felt it my duty to brother mankind, and especially to East High, to come down and offer my humble services such as they are. I was known on Mars as Professor Learnallyoucan, which, translated to the American language, simply means Senior O-So-Wise. I am here to serve you to the best of my ability."

And so I introduce to you our new friend as he came to us, unheralded and unsung. As to his ability and fitness for the important position he has taken, only the future can decide. But I know his heart is surely in the work and he is attempting to do his best, for as I was passing his private office the other day I heard these words intermingled with the scratching of his pen:

"He-Hi-Ho-Hum,
What a queer old world is this,
I'm struggling hard
To keep my word
That nothing shall go amiss.

"If I were on Mars
I'd consult the stars
For all I want to know;
But on earth it's all work,
Not a duty to shirk.
Oh, I'm learning here below."

Listen closely and I will reveal a secret to you. We have in our midst a heroine—a real, living, breathing, human heroine. You probably do not know of this, a fact which only adds to the magnificence of her greatness. She suffered for her act, as all true heroines must, but she can bear her pain with a smiling face in the consciousness of her bravery, for it was while chasing a mouse that Miss Padmore fell, breaking her glasses and injuring her eye.

"I don't see why they don't have elevators in this building," gasped the sophomore in the red sweater as she reached the second floor.

"I quite agree with you," added the freshman in the yellow waist. "I'm so tired from climbing these stairs that it is almost impossible for me to recite during the first period. Let's get up a petition asking for elevators."

This is all the staid senior in the eye glasses heard, but it sufficed. "Those lazy, grumbling children! They ought to be glad to climb two flights of stairs when they can put their wraps in nice individual lockers, under lock and key. I wonder how they would have liked to hang their wraps on a hook in the lower hall, as we did at the old building. When we would return for them later on we could expect to find them almost anywhere on the first floor, generally covered with dust. O well, some people wouldn't be satisfied if they had

automatic lesson learners worked by push buttons. They would want someone to push the buttons."

"I wonder why it is," remarked Nina Lawson, "that some folks will insist on attending amusements, especially football games, when they know nothing of the game whatever. Out at the last East High game I stood for a few moments beside an elderly gentleman whom I judged to be a foreigner. The game was entirely new to him and he became very much excited. 'What do those fellows mean and are they trying to excite the multitude?' he exclaimed, as our yell leaders frantically endeavored to arouse enthusiasm in the crowd.

"What are those armor-clad warriors about to do?" as our boys trotted out into the field. A few moments' silence and then he cried, 'O, what god is that, the one that they first kick and then all bow down and worship?'

"I felt I could bear no more and passed on a few paces only to hear a pretty little miss cry out excitedly, 'O, Bob, that's not fair, all those boys pitching on that one little boy. Why doesn't someone go and help him?'

"That was the last straw and I hurried on to where some enthusiastic East High students were cheering lustily for Mac.

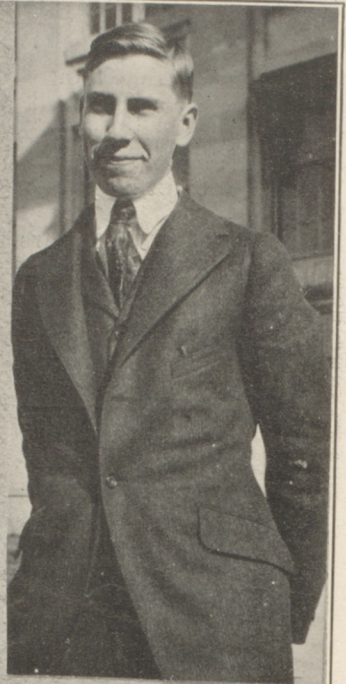
The other day I heard Dean Mitchell and Ben Winterrowd conversing on the possible age of a certain girl.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Dean. "Now, I have been through these four years of high school with her, and I tell you when she started in the freshman class she wore long dresses and her hair was done up on the top of her head and she tried to look at least twenty. Now, since she is a senior, her dresses barely reach her shoe tops, her hair is braided, hanging down her back, with one big bow on the top of her head, and say, she don't look sixteen. I give up. You never can tell."



C. FACKLER ADV.

K. HINKLE. ADV.



C. JULLINE ADV.

R. BANTA ADV.



A. GREASBY
CARTOONIST





M. DAVIDSON
ART. DEPT.
J. MAITLAND



V. WALLACE
ART. DEPT.
A. COVENTRY



M. HAVER
PROOF READERS





ORGANIZATIONS

PRUDENCE PEIRCE



Prudence Peirce

Senior Class.

During the last week of September, the staid and solemn seniors of East High gathered together for their first real senior meeting. They assembled in the Hall of Harmony (otherwise known as the music room) and forthwith proceeded to organize. Miss Goodrell opened the meeting by telling them that usually the classes waited until after Christmas to organize, but that she thought it would be well for the present class to do this immediately. She then suggested that they elect officers twice during the year, so that the mid-year people, as

well as the others, might have a chance to show their ability in presiding over the weighty class meetings, and in taking charge of their grave business affairs. When this plan was put to a vote, it was found that the majority were in favor of it. The class then voted for their officers, and when the ballots were counted, the result was found to be as follows:

Dean Mitchell.....	President
Tom Hudson	Vice-President
Dorothy Woods	Secretary
Roy Banta	Treasurer

Choral Club.

The Choral Club does not ever seem to have the same difficulty in getting started that the band and orchestra do, for there are always many new recruits ready to join at the first suggestion. In the light of all this, of course, we expected a large club, but this year the organization has exceeded all expectations. It is unusually large, with a membership of about one hundred seventy-five. The members, too, are very earnest in their work, and if this sincere spirit lives through the year, we surely should have some wonderful music for our commencement exercises.

The Orchestra.

Do you remember the good old times when we had our Thursday morning concerts, and can you bring visions of those wonderful orchestras before your mind's eyes? Of course, you freshmen and sophomores find it impossible to do this, because you entered after those halcyon days were

passed; but those enjoyable times are soon to be revived. East High has an exceptionally fine orchestra this year, and we have reasons to expect great things from it. About twenty-four boys and girls attend practice regularly, and so far, are doing fine work. The orchestra, as a body, made its first public appearance when Edmund Vance Cook gave his entertainment, but we have yet to see it grace our noble platform during school hours. Still we wait patiently, for a concert is promised in the near future, and we are building our hopes upon that.

Boys' Efficiency Club.

The Boys' Efficiency Club has been organized this year under the name of the Octagon Club. For a while, the boys were undecided whether to name it the Efficiency Club to show the main objects of the organization, or the Octagon Club to indicate the eight different lines of activity. The latter name was finally adopted. The three main principles of the club are the promotion of moral responsibility, broader mental activity, and more general physical culture, the specific objects being the improvement of debating, athletics, music, school pride and religion, the maintaining of an employment bureau and a "glad hand" committee, the presenting of public entertainments. The members have already elected their officers as follows:

Orville EllisPresident
Charles HowardVice-President
Tom Hudson.....Secretary-Treasurer

Surely if our boys join this club and live up to its principles, East High will have good cause to be proud of them in the future. These ideals are the ideals of good citizenship, and that is what we are all working toward.

The Band.

"A Drum, a Drum,
The Band doth come.'

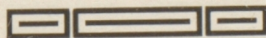
So say we of East High.

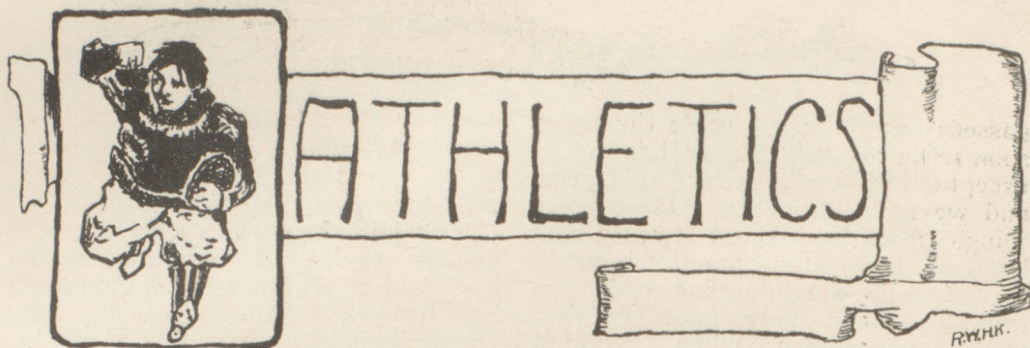
East High really has a band. It is usually very hard for this organization—as well as all others—to get started, but this year no time was lost. Miss Goodrell called an assembly at the beginning of the football season and suggested that, since we **must** have a band, every one who knew of a person who could play a band instrument should turn "tattle-tale" for once and tell on him. It was rather a unique method, to be sure, but it evidently paid, for soon eighteen prospective players were assembled on the platform. It is sad to state that this prosperous number has decreased to a paltry twelve, but these twelve are making a hard struggle to keep the band alive, although at times it seems most difficult. So far, the boys have played at every home football game, and we sincerely hope that they will keep up the good work.

Debating Society.

On Tuesday evening, November 9, the noble orators of East High gathered in the music room for the purpose of reorganizing that time-honored association, known as the "Boys' Debating Society." There were present many seasoned veterans, who had oft-times felt the fierce joy of throttling others with their long, thunderous words; but there were also many new recruits, all eager to engage in this pleasant pastime. Miss Goodrell and Mr. Wilson, the critic, both made short speeches, and then the society elected officers as follows:

President—T. Hudson.
Vice President—K. Henkle.
Secretary—R. Celander.
Treasurer—R. Webly.
Sergeant at Arms—G. Mahoney.





ATHLETICS

MILO ROCKEY



Milo Rockey

John Van Liew.

Last spring the school board ruled that the physical director could not coach the track or football teams, and for a while it seemed as though we must look for a new coach. When school opened a coach had not been selected. Many had applied, but some were unwilling to work for three hundred dollars for the season, while others did not qualify as men capable to

fill the position. Then the school board, by a temporary ruling, permitted Van to coach the team for this season only.

John Van Liew and East High have been together for such a long time we regret to think of the time when he will no longer coach the teams we send out to win laurels for the Scarlet and Black. He has made a wonderful record, both as coach and man; the victorious teams he has turned out and his strong influence with the boys give him a reputation to be proud of.

East High Surprised.

The Scarlet and Black opened the football season at Webster City, October 3. The northerners were a fast bunch and knew football. In the first quarter they surprised Van Liew's proteges, who were barely able to hold their own. In the second quarter, however, the superior weight of the invaders told and Stone was shoved across for the first touchdown. Shufelt failed in his attempt to add an extra point.

Although "peevied" by the slow work of the counting machine, they were doomed to become still more "peevied." Webster City, though much lighter, was able to gain through smashing East High's line. But they did not have the "punch" to work on that stone wall for any length of time and near the end of the game, when they had been pushed back to their own goal, Greenwood fumbled the ball and Tedrow smothered it for East's last touchdown. Webster City lined up

and watched Shufelt count one more against them.

Howard received the punts for East High and he did not wait for France and Lane to get him. His returns were East's biggest ground gainers and her only superiority over her opponents.

The game was played on a good, level field, which aided materially in making it fast and interesting. Although both teams fought like bulldogs over every inch of ground they won or lost, the game was clean and free from dirty playing on either side. The lineup:

EAST HIGH		WEBSTER CITY	
Whitmer.....	C.....	Britson	
Coombs.....	R.G.....	Daniels	
Bemis.....	R.T.....	Greenwood	
Burk.....	R.E.....	Lane	
Howard.....	L.G.....	Isham	
Amsbery.....	L.T.....	Simpson	
Patterson.....	L.E.....	France	
Johnson.....	Q.B.....	Sparboe	
Shufelt.....	R.H.....	Clark	
Stone.....	L.H.....	Gilmore	
Tedrow.....	F.B.....	Frohning	

Substitutions—Storey for Stone, Tatham for Isham.

Newton Smothered.

In the most one-sided contest of the year the Scarlet and Black defeated Newton High 26 to 0. The game was played on East High's new athletic field and the rough ground greatly lessened what few chances Newton did have. Their team was light and inexperienced and were pushed around at will by East's beefy line. East made as many first downs as points, while Newton failed to make ten yards in any four consecutive downs, but this scarcely tells the story. The shortness of the quarters was the reason for the small score.

East made two touchdowns in the first two quarters, goal being kicked both times.

In the third quarter Spears made a forty-yard run, which was the most spectacular play of the game.

The last quarter started with the ball on Newton's eleven-yard line and

East was expected to quickly add another touchdown. They met an opposition, however, which was the visitors' most brilliant defense. Newton got the ball on downs, but failed in their attempt to punt to safety and East recovered the ball on the three-yard line. It took four downs to carry the ball those three yards.

This was their last supreme effort and East smashed another over in just a few minutes and was nearing the goal for a fifth when the game ended.

About fifteen hundred people saw the game and from a local standpoint it was very interesting.

The lineup and summary:

EAST HIGH		NEWTON	
Patterson.....	L.E.....	Garrett	
Amsberry.....	L.T.....	Vance	
Howard.....	L.G.....	Bunker	
Whitmer.....	C.....	Davis	
Coombs.....	R.G.....	Jones	
Bemis.....	R.T.....	De Bolt	
Shufelt.....	R.E.....	Harp	
Johnson.....	Q.B.....	W. Kelly	
Stone.....	L.H.....	G. Kelly	
Tedrow.....	R.H.....	Pascal (c)	
Overturf (c)....	F.B.....	Lufkin	

Summary—Touchdowns, Tedrow 2, Johnson, Stone. Goals after touchdowns, Shufelt 2.

Substitutions—Spears for Stone, Walters for Overturf, Burke for Shufelt, Byers for Johnson, Spencer for Pascal, Thompson for Bunker, Raymond for Garrett, Garrett for Jones.

Officials—Griffith of Beloit, referee; Stevenson of Drake, umpire; Allen of Ohio State, head linesman.

Time of periods—ten minutes.

Omaha Taken in.

Saturday, October 17, at the Drake Stadium, East High vanquished Omaha Central to the tune of 24 to 12. It had rained and drizzled all that day until time for the game and then the clouds of mist were so heavy it was hard to follow the plays. The game had been scheduled for Alumni Field, but was changed Saturday morning on account of the rain, which had left the field and sidelines a sea of sticky

yellow clay. The stadium, however, was in good condition and it was a good, scrappy game in spite of the weather.

East kicked off in the first quarter and after getting the ball on downs, hammered the Omaha line for the next fifteen minutes, in a vain effort to get a touchdown. East tried a field goal and two forward passes, but they all failed. The quarter ended with the ball on Omaha's one-yard line in East's possession.

The second play in the next quarter carried the ball over for a touchdown. Shufelt kicked goal, giving East their first seven points.

Omaha kicked off to East's twenty-yard line and without losing the ball once, East carried it the eighty yards for their second touchdown. After a punt-out Shufelt kicked goal from a very difficult angle. The half ended with the ball in the middle of the field.

In the third quarter both sides were alternately held for downs and forced to punt. The Nebraskans showed themselves superior at this game, gaining from ten to fifteen yards on every punt. Once, when they punted, Mac Byers dodged the ends and by some more fancy dodging ran eighty yards for a touchdown. Shufelt again kicked goal.

In the last quarter, through an intercepted pass by Howard and by line bucks, the ball was carried almost under Omaha's goal. Here Overturf dropped the ball and Moriarity, Omaha's star halfback, ran the length of the field for their first touchdown. They failed to kick goal.

Then, by forward passing, aided materially by punting, Omaha was able to count another touchdown. After the kickoff Omaha carried the ball as far as East's forty-five-yard line, where it was again intercepted. East then carried the ball to their opponents' twenty-two-yard line, from which Byers made a dropkick for East's other three points.

Omaha had hardly kicked off again when the game ended.

As in the previous games, East's line was the big factor in its success. No one man stands out as the main rock in the wall. They all seemed to work together, whether on the defense or offense. It was just as hard to break through at one point as another and they seemed to be able to go around or through any line.

East is lacking in a good punter and the open style game is poorly handled by the secondary defense, but with such a line most plays will be smothered before they are well started.

The line-up and summary:

EAST HIGH	OMAHA
Patterson	L.E..... Newton
Amsberry	L.T..... Reese (c)
Howard	L.G..... Krogh
Whitmer.....	C..... Beard
Coombs	R.G..... Crowley
Bemis	R.T..... Paynter
Shufelt	R.E..... Nichols
Byers	Q.B..... Neville
Stone	L.H..... Moriarity
Tedrow	R.H..... Weirich
Overturf (c)....	F.B..... Fullaway
Substitutions—Smith for Newton, Peterson for Nichols, Mason for Krogh, Logan for Smith, Smith for Fullaway, McCullough for Tedrow.	

Summary—Touchdowns, Byers 2, Moriarity 2, Overturf; field goal, Byers; goals after touchdown, Shufelt 3.

Officials—Rogers of Springfield, referee; Carberry of Iowa, umpire; Eagon of Grinnell, head linesman.

Time of periods—fifteen minutes.

Sioux City.

Saturday, October 22, East High sent a team of heavyweights to Sioux City to avenge last year's defeat. They were not so sure of winning as they had been last year, but they were much more determined and they were full of "pep" inspired by a rousing "pep" meeting held just before they left Friday noon.

The game was a hard-fought battle from start to finish. Both teams

showed up stronger than they had before this season. East was a veritable battering ram against the opposing line, but Sioux City, although lighter, withstood the attack splendidly and in their attack used the open style game to good advantage. They were superior in the new style plays, but in the third quarter East High's steam roller showed its strength by a steady march up the field and over the goal for a touchdown. It was the only score of the game.

On the kickoff Sioux City fumbled the ball and Pat covered it for East High on the Indians' thirty-yard line. Mac Byers tried to dropkick from here, but missed, and it was Sioux City's ball on their twenty-yard line. The ball was in Sioux City territory most of the time, but Reigel for Sioux City was always able to punt out of danger before East got within striking distance.

Both teams tried an open style game in the second quarter, Sioux City getting as far as East's thirty-yard line on forward passes. Their next one was intercepted by Johnson and East had worked her way back into Sioux territory when the whistle for the half blew.

East came right back in the third quarter and by a varied attack, but mainly by superior strength, carried the ball over Sioux City's goal for a touchdown.

In the last quarter Gates, substituted for Hinckley, started to stage an eleventh-hour victory like last year's drama, but they lost the ball on a fumble, when it was too late to start over again.

"Cis" Stone was the star of the game, making several long end runs, which brought renewed life and hope into the hearts of the invaders.

Although Sioux City had been defeated twice before this season, ours was a hard-earned victory, as Sioux City was anxious to have another defeat against us and played their best game of the season.

It will be possible to have Sioux City here next year and let us hope

they will receive the same royal welcome and good treatment that have been accorded our teams on their trips to Packertown.

The line-up and summary:

EAST HIGH		SIOUX CITY	
Whitmer.....	C.....	Koontz	
Coombs	R.G.....	Hanson	
Howard	L.G....	Tarashansky	
Bemis	R.T.....	McCornack	
Amsberry	L.T.....	Jones	
Shufelt	R.E.....	Menefee	
Patterson	L.E.....	Fletcher	
Byers	Q.B....	Montgomery	
Stone	R.H.....	Giegel	
Johnson	L.H.....	Hinckley	
Overturf	F.B.....	Brown	

Substitutions—Reimenschneider for Hanson, Herrig for Tarashansky, Tarashansky for Koontz, Gates for Hinckley, Tedrow for Johnson.

Summary—Touchdown, Byers.

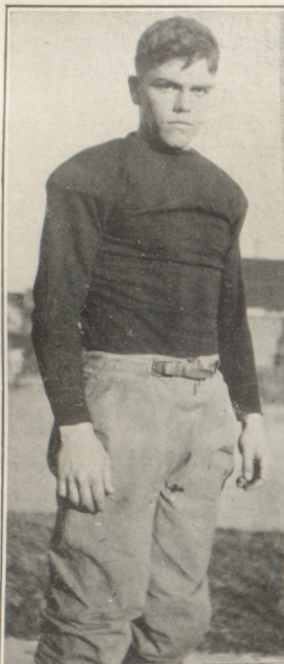
Officials—McKusick of South Dakota, referee; Evans of Drake, umpire; Waymack of Morningside, head linesman.

North High Easy.

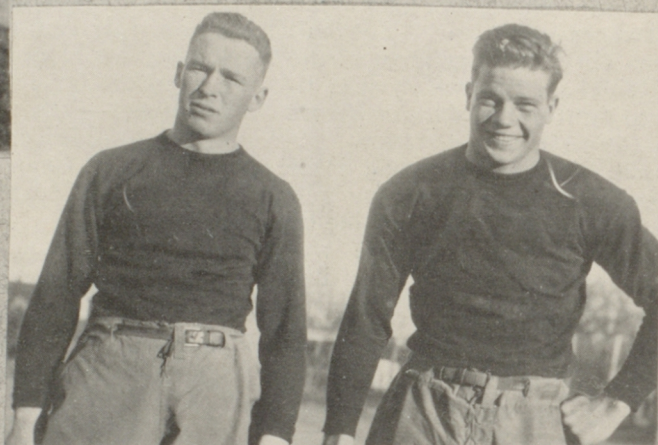
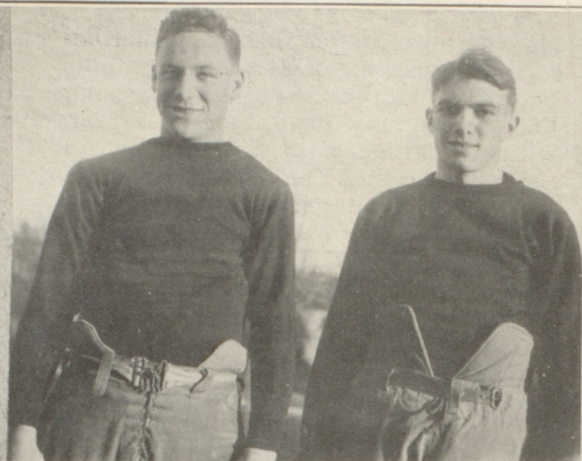
East High started after the city championship in earnest Friday, November 5, by the overwhelming score of 34 to 0.

From the time East kicked off until the final whistle blew the Scarlet and Black goal was never in danger. North negotiated several forward passes, but in nearly every instance the man was downed in his tracks by East's deadly tacklers. East's line, as usual, was the main part of the machine and it tore the holes, opening the way for three of the five touchdowns made.

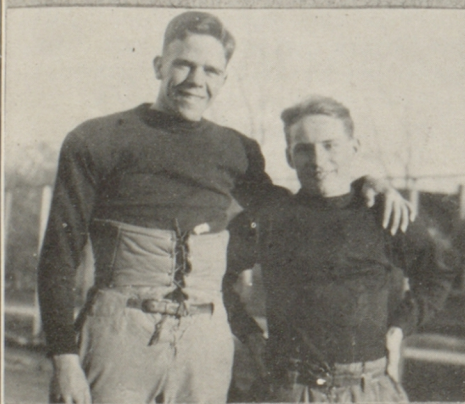
East kicked off and North was held for downs on their ten-yard line. After they punted East brought the ball back to North's two-foot line, where North held, making their strongest defense of the game. They got the ball on downs and kicked to the center of the field, but East quickly carried the ball back and smashed over for their first touchdown. Although our line tore huge holes in the opposing line for long gains, North did not give up, but



BYERS - QUARTER
JOHN - ZOO
COUCH - COACH



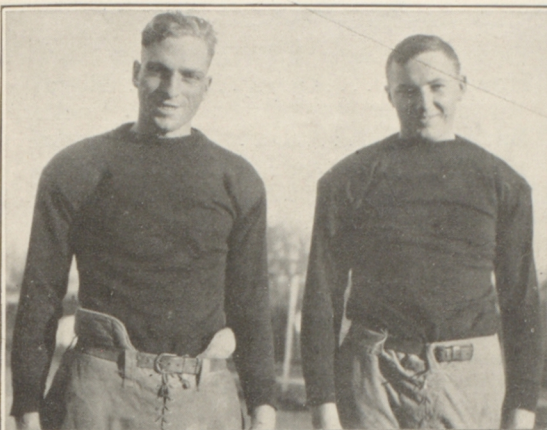
DAHLGREN - ZOO
SCHULTZ - ZOO



SHRODGER - ZOO
FREDSON - HEAD

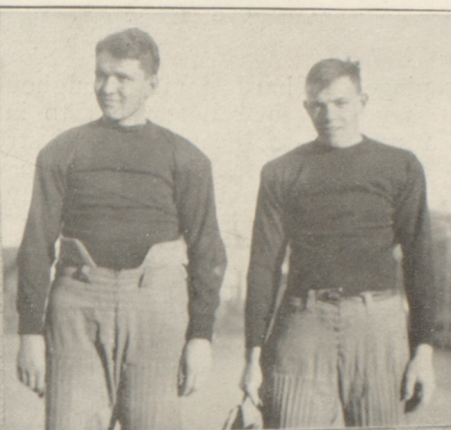


STONE - HALF



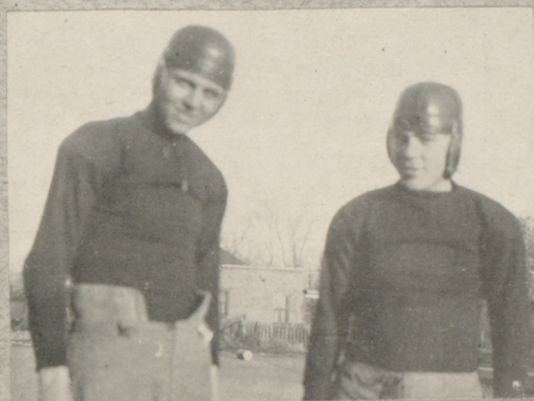
BENIS
TACKLE

COOMBS
GUARD



TEW
SUB

WALTERS
SUB

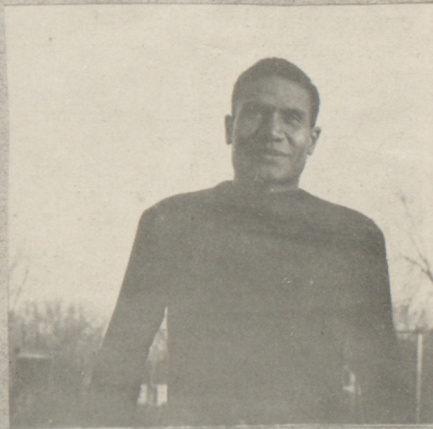


WHITMER
CENTER

BURKE
CENTER



AMBERRY GUARD



HOWARD TACKLE

The Quill

played a hard game throughout and they owe their defeat not to inferior form, but to the weight and strength of their opponents' impregnable wall.

North made a first down only once in the first quarter and that by a forward pass, Gifford to Gerberich.

As the second quarter opened East got the ball by intercepting a forward pass from Gifford near North's goal and in a few downs the ball was pushed over for another touchdown.

Two minutes later, when Gifford was forced to punt, Howard received it and ran forty yards for a third touchdown. On the next kickoff Shufelt kicked the ball sixty yards for a touchback. The ball was brought out to the twenty-yard line, but North lost it on a fumble and only the whistle kept East from scoring again that half.

In the third quarter North kicked off and held East for down, but on the exchange of punts Howard duplicated his previous feat by returning sixty yards through a broken field and was downed right over the goal line.

At the start of the second quarter Van Liew had taken out some of his choicest material to save it for Davenport; now that the game was safe he took out more. At the beginning of the fourth quarter Overturf was the only regular in the backfield and several linemen were rolled in blankets on the sidelines.

In the last period, "Shrimp" Strowbridge, playing back, received a punt and ran thirty-five yards, being downed on the five-yard line. On an end run he carried it over for the last touchdown. It was made near the side of the field and the attempt to kick out failed. During the game Shufelt kicked four goals after touchdowns, not missing a single try.

The line-up and summary:

EAST HIGH		NORTH HIGH	
Pattersonl.e.	r.e.....	Lowe
Thorpe			
Amsberryl.t.	r.t.....	Stevenson
Clarke			

Howardl.g.	r.g.....	Royal
			Locke
Burkec.	c.....	Henderson
Whitmerr.g.	l.g.....	Thomas
Coombsr.t.	l.t.....	Woods
Shufeltr.e.	l.e...	Gerberich (c)
			Watkins
Byersq.b.	q.b.....	Allen
Johnson			
Stonel.h.	r.h....	Horsburgh
Spears			Lorey
Tedrowr.h.	l.h.....	Lorey
Strowbridge			Gerberich
Overturf (c)	...f.b.	f.b.....	Gifford

Summary—Touchdowns, Howard 2, Overturf, Stone, Strowbridge; goals after touchdown, Shufelt 4.

Score by periods:

East High	7	14	7	6—34
North High	0	0	0	0—0

Time of periods—twelve minutes.

Officials—Rogers of Springfield, referee; Carberry of Iowa, umpire; Whisman of Morningside, head linesman.

East Loses 12 to 0

Saturday, November 13, East High was eliminated in the contest for the state championship by losing to Davenport 12 to 0. It is the second successive year that the Scarlet and Black has barely missed the coveted title.

The team fought desperately, but it did not have the confidence of a winning team, which is needed to give it that feeling of power and ability. Rather, they were nervous and showed poor head work. Instead of making steady but slow progress by old style football, which they were able to do, in their anxiety to score they tried forward passing, trusting to luck to make one work for a touchdown or a long gain.

Davenport's line was vulnerable and good for short gains, but their secondary defense was perfect. East's line was almost invulnerable, the wonderful Davenport interference was broken up by our ends and, except just before the last touchdown, their smashes had netted them nothing. They were compelled to kick twice as often as East

The Quill

and their kicks were over ten yards shorter.

In the second and last periods the Davenporters carried the ball over for a total of two touchdowns. The first was by a forward pass by Schuler. Captain Fort received it and ran twenty yards for the first touchdown made by an Iowa team against the Scarlet and Black this year. The last one was made near the end of the game, Davenport using a shift formation and a cross buck.

About twenty-three hundred people saw the game, two hundred of whom had gone from Des Moines to support the team. The game was lacking in brilliant plays.

The line-up and summary:

EAST HIGH		DAVENPORT	
PattersonL.E.....	Makeever	
AmsberryL.T.....	Lewis	

HowardL.G.....	Lardner	
WhitmerC.....	Block	
CoombsR.G.....	Kell	
BemisR.T.....	A. Bramson	
ShufeltR.E.....	Vogel	
ByersQ.B.....	Shuler	
StoneL.H.....	King	
TedrowR.H.....	Kelly	
Overturf (c)F.B.....	Fort (c)	
Substitutions—Strowbridge for Tedrow.			

Score by periods:

East High0	0	0	0—0
Davenport0	6	0	6—12

Summary—Touchdowns, Fort, Shuler.

Officials—Referee, Keithly of Illinois; umpire, Truitt of Cornell; field judge, Fisher of Grinnell; field judge, Adams of Oberlin.

Time of periods—Fifteen minutes.

About the Team.

Paul Amsberry. This is Chubby's first year on the first team. He was on the second team last year. We expect him to make the all-city team next year.

Charles Howard. Charlie gets most of his glory in the spectacular way he runs back punts.

John Burke. Burke played last year and is playing a good game this year at center and end.

George Whitmer. Whit is indispensable in East High's stone wall and has proved his right to the place for three years. This is his last year.

Gerald Coombs. This is Coombs' third year on the team and he will have still another year, having made good as a freshman.

Hubert Shufelt. Shuie is good at half or end and is East's best kicker. He has missed a very few chances at goal this season.

Mac Byers. This is Mac's fourth year. We hope his college career may be as successful as his high school career has been.

Vane Overturf. Pip is the captain of the team. He has seen four years of service and East High will miss him next year.

John Patterson. Pat is about the most valuable man on the team. In the last four years he has played successfully in three different positions and has won all-state positions as guard and tackle. He will probably win one as end this year, for he hasn't let anything get past him.

Cecil Stone. This is Stone's first year as a regular. He has been one of East's most consistent ground gainers this year.

Harold Tedrow. Tedrow is good at half or fullback and is another consistent territory annexer.

Walter Bemis. Bemis has lost his "rep" as the prize-winning, black-eyed kid, but he is still playing that same old slashing game.

Ray Thorpe. Thorpe plays tackle and end. Although a sub this year, he should get a regular berth next fall.

Johnny Johnson. Johnson played

quarterback on the second team last fall. He is doing good work with the first team this year every time he gets a chance.

Orville Clarke. Clarkie is another graduate from last year's second team who is out for honors in greater fields.

Graydon Myers. Myers is one of the men expected to help make a line next year that will be the equal of this year's stone wall.

Elmer Spears. Spears is a track man and he is difficult to tackle on account of his speed.

Glenn Strowbridge. Shrimp is only a freshman and we predict great things from him.

Earl Walters. Pete has been in school but one semester. He will be very valuable to the team next fall.

East-West Game

Saturday, November 20, at the Drake Stadium, the Scarlet and Black lost the twenty-first annual battle with West High by the score of 16 to 0. Counting this battle, West has won one more victory than East, but all East High is determined they will have only one year to boast of this advantage.

Our team put everything they had into the game. They were handicapped by injuries, but they fought as hard as any East High eleven has ever fought and against as great odds. The student body had filled them with the feeling that they must "beat West worse than they ever did," but West's assortment of trick and fake formations made a varying cyclonic attack that proved invincible.

East did not seem to be able to hold or to stop smashes as they had in other games. They often broke through, however, before West's backfield got in motion and threw them for a loss. The team owes its defeat not to superior players, but to the elaborate system of fake formations and plays they were unable to solve. The game will be remembered as a time when East was badly beaten when almost sure of winning; but the game fight every man made to the last whistle will be remembered at the same time.

East won the toss and chose to receive at the north goal. It gave them the advantage of a strong north wind. Bemis was hurt on the kick-off and Clarke went in to take his place. Byers surprised West by punting on the sec-

ond down, the ball going over Cunningham's head to West's twenty-five-yard line.

Then West opened up and in two brilliant runs carried the ball to East's twenty-yard line. East recovered the ball on a fumble and punted to the center of the field. Here Coombs was substituted for Clarke and the added weight of Coombs was quickly felt. West was held to short gains and quickly lost the ball on downs. Our line tore holes in West's for two long smashes by Tedrow and Stone. A little later a pass, Byers to Shufelt, netted ten yards and the quarter ended with East in possession of the ball on West's thirty-yard line.

Two days before the game Coombs had been ruled ineligible because of his physical condition and he went to the game in civilian clothes. As the game started he was informed he would be permitted to play and he was put in as soon as he could get into a suit. He went into the game determined to make up for what he had missed and he did in the first quarter.

At the start of the second quarter, however, he forgot there was a restriction as to the extent he could show his feelings, and being too eager in his attempts to get at the man with the ball, he was put out of the game and the team was penalized forty yards.

This led to the Maize and Blue's first touchdown. East punted, but the wind blew the ball outside to our thirty-yard line. A few minutes later, West made the touchdown by a long forward pass. Zaun kicked goal.

A short time after the next kick-off Byers misjudged a long punt, the wind carrying it over his head and almost to the goal line. He kicked from behind the goal line against a strong wind to East's twenty-five-yard line. West attempted another pass, but it was blocked by Howard.

In the next three plays West gained ten yards, but were thrown back seven on the next; at this point they were lucky in recovering two fumbles. With fourth down and about fifteen yards to go, Cunningham dropkicked from the thirty-five-yard line.

Following the next kick-off Chiesa punted over East's goal line. The ball was put in play on our twenty-yard line and after Stone had smashed the line for a first down East made seven yards on a pass, Byers to Shufelt.

Just before the half ended Glen Devine intercepted a pass on East's forty-yard line. In the last three downs West was pushed back for a loss of fourteen yards.

Early in the second half Howard picked up the ball on a punt and ran fifty-five yards before he was pulled down on West's thirty-yard line. This was the longest run of the game.

After a few tries at line bucking Byers tried to dropkick, but the ball fell short. West was forced to punt and East started up the field again, when West intercepted another pass. They carried the ball over East's goal, but Cunningham dropped it and East recovered, making a touchback.

A minute or so later West tried another dropkick, but it was worse than the one Byers had made. Strowbridge was then sent in for Tedrow. East punted to West's forty-eight-yard line as the whistle blew.

Soon after play started in the last quarter Johnson was sent in for Stone, and when Overturf was hurt Walters took his place. In one play Whitmer recovered the ball for East by grabbing the ball out of Zaun's hands.

During the first part of the period the ball changed hands repeatedly, until Cunningham intercepted a pass and started for our goal with an open field

ahead of him. He was overtaken by Walters on East's thirty-yard line. The stop was but temporary. Devine, by straight line bucks, carried the ball over. Zaun missed goal.

In the last few minutes East made two good starts toward West's goal, but the first was stopped by an intercepted pass and the next by the referee's whistle, which ended the game.

Two trophies and a title were at stake in this game, all of which have gone to West. East and West had both previously defeated North High and so the winner of this game won the city championship.

The Iowa National Bank trophy was to be given to the Des Moines team first winning three city championships. West had already won two and so this game gave them the cup.

The other trophy was that offered by the Daily Capital, a twenty-five-dollar cup, for the school winning the city championship. Another cup is to be given next year and the school should see that East gets it.

The line-up and summary:

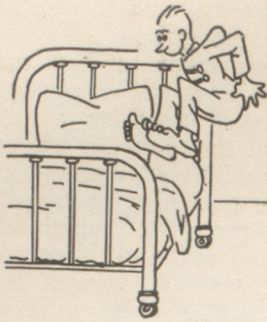
EAST HIGH.		WEST HIGH.	
Pattersonl.e.	r.e.	Redlingshafer
Amsberryl.t.	r.t.	Chiesa
Howardl.g.	r.g.	MaCabe
Whitmerc.c.		Zaun (c)
Myersr.g.	l.g.	Ramsey
Clarke			
Burke			
Bemisr.t.	l.t.	Veatch
Myers			
Coombs			
Shufeltr.e.	l.e.	Beck
Byersq.b.	q.b.	A. Devine
Stonel.h.	r.h.	Cunningham
Johnson			
Tedrowr.h.	l.h.	Van Dyck
Strowbridge			Martin
Overturf (c)f.b.	f.b.	G. Devine
Walters			

Summary—Touchdowns, Redlingshafer, G. Devine; field goal, Cunningham; goal from touchdown, Zaun.

Officials — Referee, Williams of Iowa; umpire, Hyland of Iowa; field judge, Eagan of Grinnell; head linesman, Brennan of Ames.

Time of periods—Fifteen minutes.

RAW!! RAW!!!



AFTER
FOUR YEARS
LIKE
THIS —

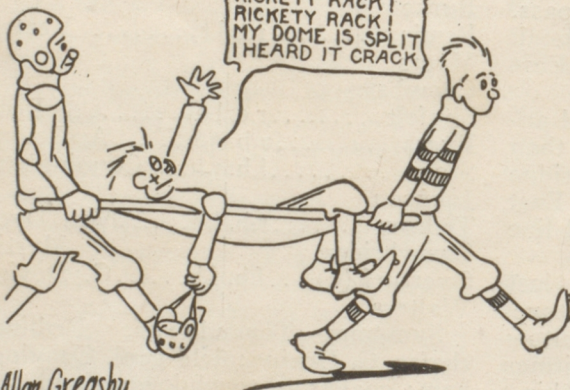
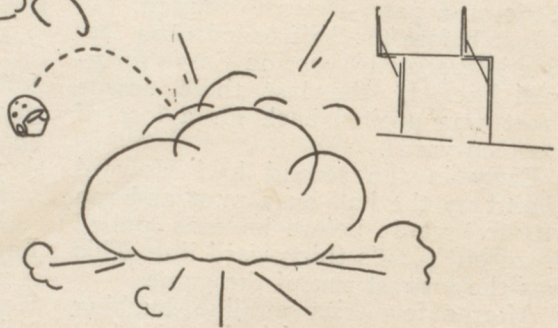
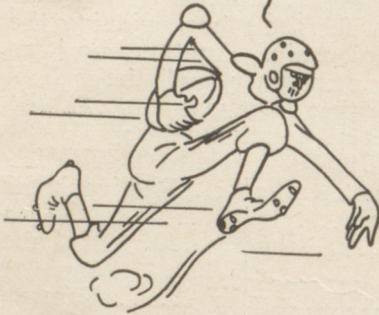


ICE
CREAM
COMES



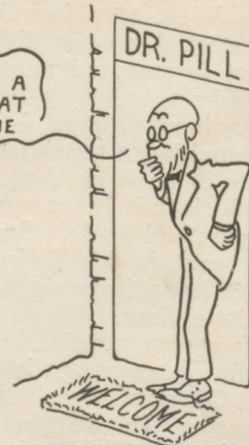
GEE!! I GET
TO PLAY ON
THE FIRST TEAM
AT LAST

HERE I COME
LOOK OUT FOR ME

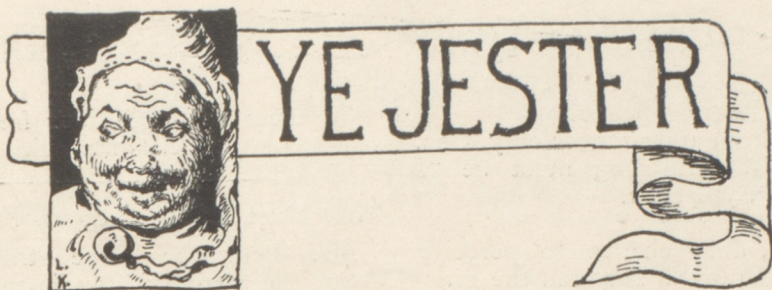


RICKETY RACK!
RICKETY RACK!
MY DOME IS SPLIT
I HEARD IT CRACK

IT'S A
GREAT
GAME



Alley Greasby



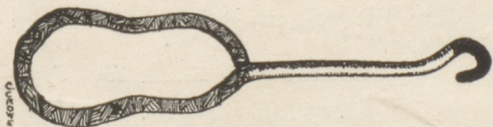
WARREN BASSETT



Warren Bassett

Shades of Fletcher!

A solemn thought comes to my mind,
I put it up to you;
Suppose your eye teeth all went blind,
How could you see to chew?



THE MASTER KEY.

Some people are born bores, others
acquire turgidity, still others tell Ford
stories.

Little Lessons in Rhetoric.

I. Description.

Rules:

1. Long interesting sentences which will leave the reader hanging breathless at the end.
2. Clearness of thought.
3. Vivid adjectives.
4. Logical order.

Example:

The tempest roared, the sea lashed and tore at the creaking timbers of the staggering ship, while overhead the peals of thunder split the Stygian clouds in twain and the crackling lightning lighted up the storm-swept waste with a lurid, ghastly glare, but the camels tottered on, half blinded by the sand and dying of thirst and many bridges swept from their piers sank from sight in the swollen yellow flood. In the tumult and crash of the softly falling snow were heard the words of the villain, "Curses! You have foiled muh, Jack Dalton," and taking one step backwards he fell from the precipice into the gulch below while Sousa's band played "Here the Conquering Hero Comes" and the golden glow of the setting sun touched the lofty mountain range and bathed it in a purple haze, but the rolling billows of the boundless prairie were covered with a raven-like pall.

Sport Item.

Gould and McKee played a brilliant and thrilling tennis match the other night. They were in the best of form, Gould serving only twenty doubles. However, he was easily outclassed by McKee.



Around School.

Judging from appearances only, Geo. Mahoney's favorite song must be "I Need Some Sympathy."

* * *

But stay, didst chance to perceive that R. K. Franklin shunned the girls' table in the lunch room on October 21? Another date that will go down in history.

* * *

Also have you glimpsed the Mellin's Food Babies, a set of diminutive freshies who loyally assemble at a certain table in the above mentioned lunch room? If not, Allah be praised, for you would probably moralize upon the decreasing size of high school students.

* * *

A student was overheard reading an essay the other day. It began thusly: "Oh, shirt front, my bosom friend, one word with thee."

At this point our hero rushed in and cried in stentorian accents, "Back, varlets, he is my friend and the guillotine shall not fall this evening."

* * *

Alars, alars, tew troo, tew troo, there's nothing new under the sun.

* * *

For

* * *

A sophomore, translating Caesar, informs us: "The Rhone could be crossed in several places by a ford."

* * *

A lugubrious freshie stated, the other day, that the only good the teachers did was to have a convention once a year.

* * *

While a senior remarked that school life is an investment which pays no dividends until the senior year.

* * *

Have you noticed that the visit of Edmund Vance Cooke was not without results? Even the football yells lately have had some classic forms. For example:

"Fe, fi, fo,

I told you so—"

et cet. et cet.

So cheer up, lugubrious freshie, life still has hope. Allah be with you.

This Must Apply Only to Freshmen.

Mr. Peterson: "The strange fact about the mercury light is that it has no red rays; thus it gives everything a greenish tinge and, in truth, making you look greener than you are."

Boys, Attention!

Bill Hammer has consented to give his favorite recipe, "How to be Popular," to mankind. (Guaranteed to give results.)

I. Acquire a Ford.

II. Run it by the school with cut-out open.

III. Chew gum.

IV. Match pennies.

V. Ostentatiously carry matches.

At the Front.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Nobody."

"Go ahead."

Food for Thought.

Why is it that day breaks, but it's night that falls?

Cheap at That.

Bob McKee: "Say, Felix, if you slip me a jitney I'll say you're good looking."

Quick Stuff.

"Oh, deah! Every bone in my body aches."

"My, but you must have an awful headache."

Served 'Em Right.

Geo. Wequist: "A bunch of us guys got into a scrap with a cop out on Ninth Street the other night."

"You did? What were you doing?"

Geo. (in an injured tone): "Weren't doing nothing but singing."

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all wool to the yard, all value to the
dollar, and all style to the stitch.

\$15 to \$35

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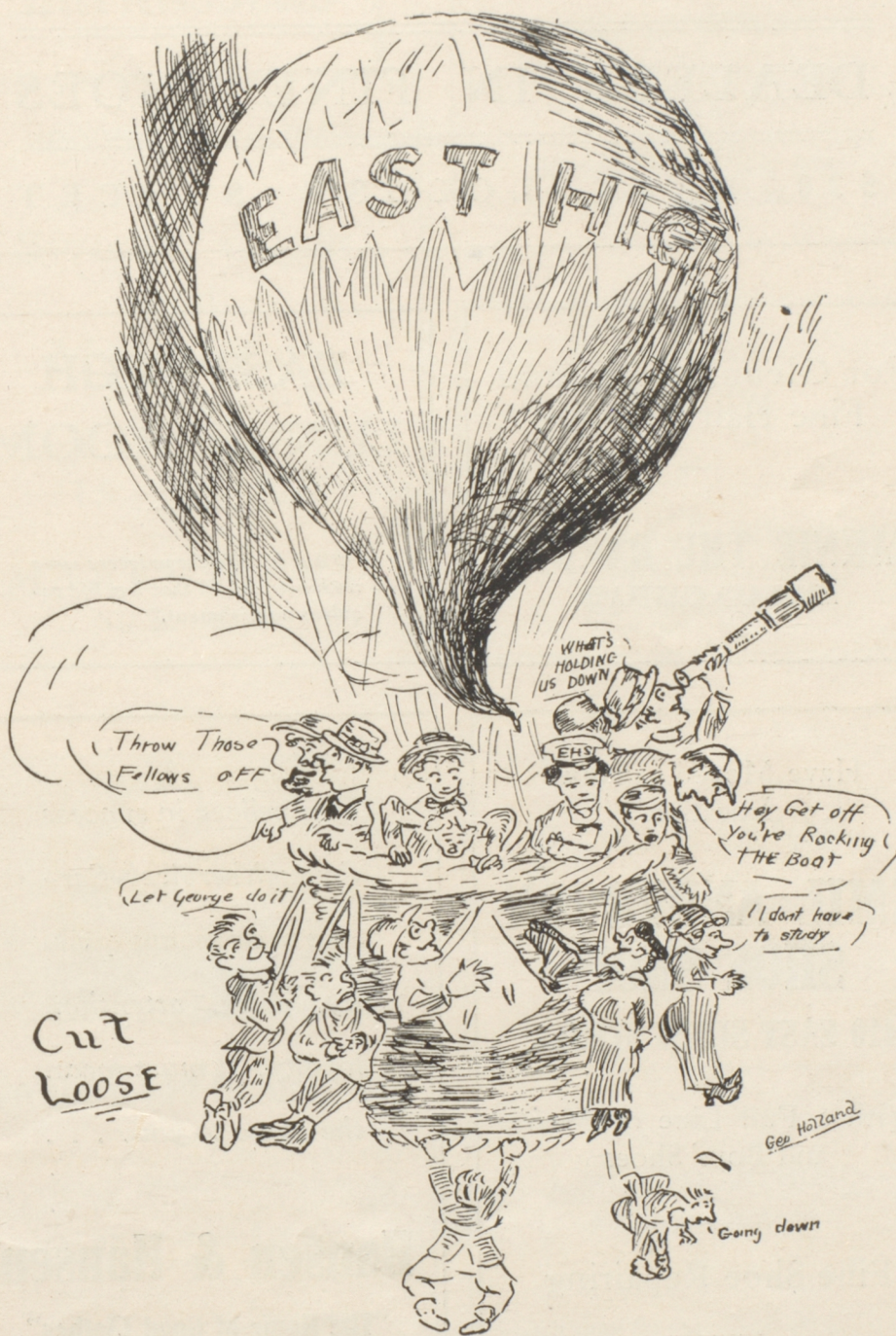
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The newest models, and colors, and pat-
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For Clean Shaves and
Fine Hair Cuts See

EARNIE THE BARBER
NINTH AND CLEVELAND

EAST HIGH LUNCH ROOM

*"But for life the universe were
nothing; and all that has life re-
quires nourishment."*

Have Moved to New
Location

EMIL ANDERSON SHOE SHOP

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With a Full Line of Men's
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Fine Shoe Repairing

The Man Who Cleats E.H.S.
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through service--Ser-
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ity, price, attention,
loyalty. It must mean
the same to you. . . .*

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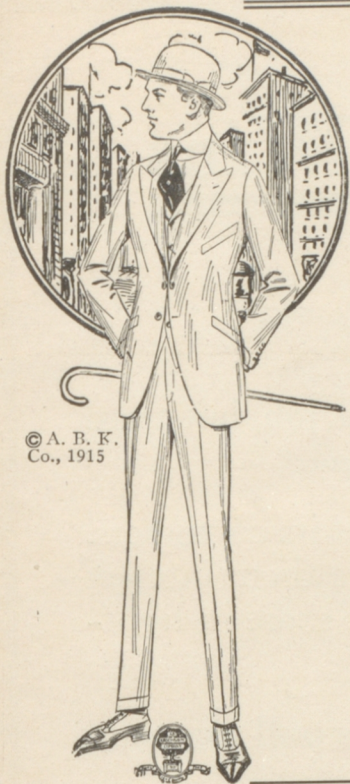
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This bank is the TEAM MATE of its customers. It cares for their savings, pays them interest on their deposits, and does its share in lightening the loads of life.

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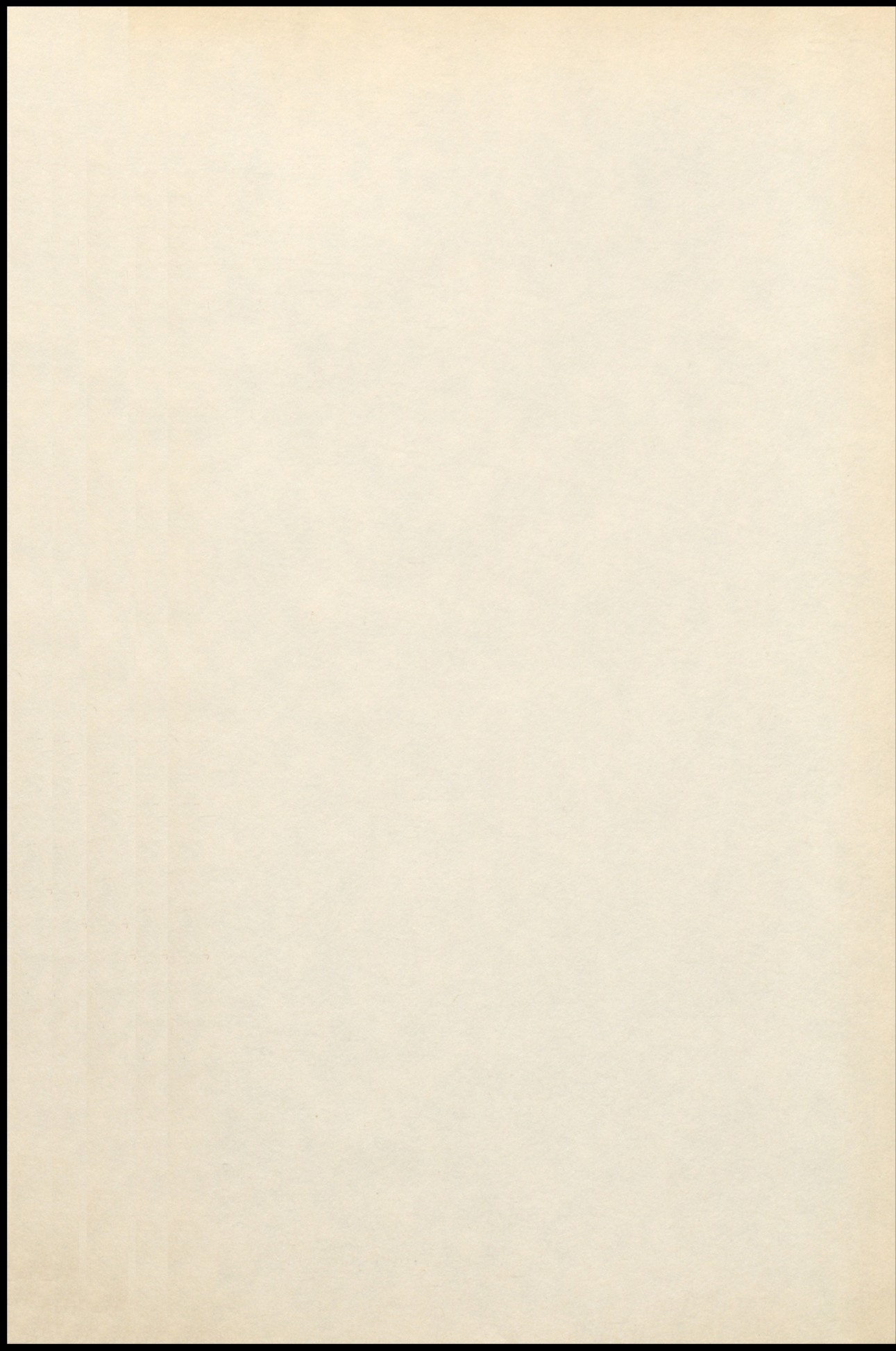
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Service That Satisfies

Capital City State Bank

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DES MOINES, IOWA



Team Work

Each of us has a part to play in the team work of the world. We must learn to work together and to help one another.

Page 1 of 1

The team work of the world is a great thing. It is the only way we can make the world a better place.

Team work is the only way we can make the world a better place.

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